SPECIAL: GOLDWATER and the John Birch Society

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NOVEMBER 19, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

WHY THE SOUTH HAS NO DIRECTION

By JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

FROM BRITAIN:

How Home Got the Job... And Why He Will Lose It

ANTHONY LEJEUNE AUBERON WAUGH

Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM ON THE REVOLT ALONG THE MEKONG ♦ HUXLEY ON THE COMING REVOLT IN KENYA ♦ KIRK ON THE REVOLT IN ALGERIA ♦ KENNER ON THE REVOLT OF JEAN COCTEAU

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer,
William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Martha Butler
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES

M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, Ralph de Toledano,
Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Arlene Croce

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain,
Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Guy Davenport, A. Derso,
Joan Didion, W. H. von Dreele, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch,
Aloise B. Heath, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner,
Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews,
Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Morrie Ryskind, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** whose recent essay on Civil Rights and Legal Wrongs [*NR* Sept. 24] so greatly interested students of the pending civil rights legislation, writes about the South — where it is now, what it is thinking, what are its major unresolved problems, what is its immediate political future. Mr. Kilpatrick, editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*, pens a mood piece about the South, and in his finely wrought treatment the historical, political, and cultural filaments conspire together to throw a brilliant light on the region of the country in so many ways the most interesting, the most endearing, and the most tragic. . . . **Elspeth Huxley,** we are happy to announce, will write regularly for NATIONAL REVIEW on African Affairs. (By regularly, we mean in every third issue.) Mrs. Huxley's books are better known in her native England than here. They are a distinguished collection, including *Four Guineas* and *The Flame Trees of Thika*. She has known Africa for years, and writes about it with authority and feeling: and has proved that for all her femininity, she is not easily blown over by fresh or foul winds. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** writes penetratingly, and enthusiastically, about the state of affairs in the Conservative Party that nudged forward Lord Home—or Mr. Home, or Homey, or whatever one is now supposed to call him, to qualify him for democracy. He was really the best man around, says Lejeune, which may or may not be the case, says **Auberon Waugh,** but one thing *is* sure, that under the prevailing philosophy, the Conservative Party is going to lose big in England at the next election, and jolly well deserves to. Its fault? Me-tooism. (Who says we are behind in the cultural lag?)

➔ **William Buckley** writes about the obsessive interest of the Liberal press in the exact nature of Senator Goldwater's relations with the John Birch Society. . . . **James Burnham** puts the coup in Vietnam in strategical perspective, defining the revolt along the Mekong. . . . Our war correspondent, the **Duke of Mecosta,** has been gamboling about the battlefront in Morocco, but reports he did not approach closer to the actual firing than did the Moroccan Army. Mr. Kirk is now in Tunisia, and will be back in the United States, unscarred we trust, within the fortnight, to resume the Greater War against Michigan State University. . . . And **Morrie Ryskind,** our Pulitzered colleague, writes sadly and affectionately about the death of *NR*'s good friend, and Thespis's, Adolphe Menjou.

➔ Professor **Hart** of Dartmouth writes about Scott Fitzgerald, and how much it might have done for him if the correspondence he carried on with Edmund Wilson had been, instead, with T. S. Eliot. . . . **Jameson Campaigne Jr.,** a young graduate of Williams College who, *mirabile dictu*, would rather fight a war against the Soviet Union than submit to it, reviews Sidney Hook's devastation—non-nuclear, but nonetheless conclusive—of the novel *Fail-Safe*. . . . And Mrs. **Emilie Griffin,** who is most welcome at NATIONAL REVIEW, is a free-lance writer in New York, who has written for *Mademoiselle,* and the English *Chrysalis.* She writes engrossingly on John Osborne's *Luther.* ➔

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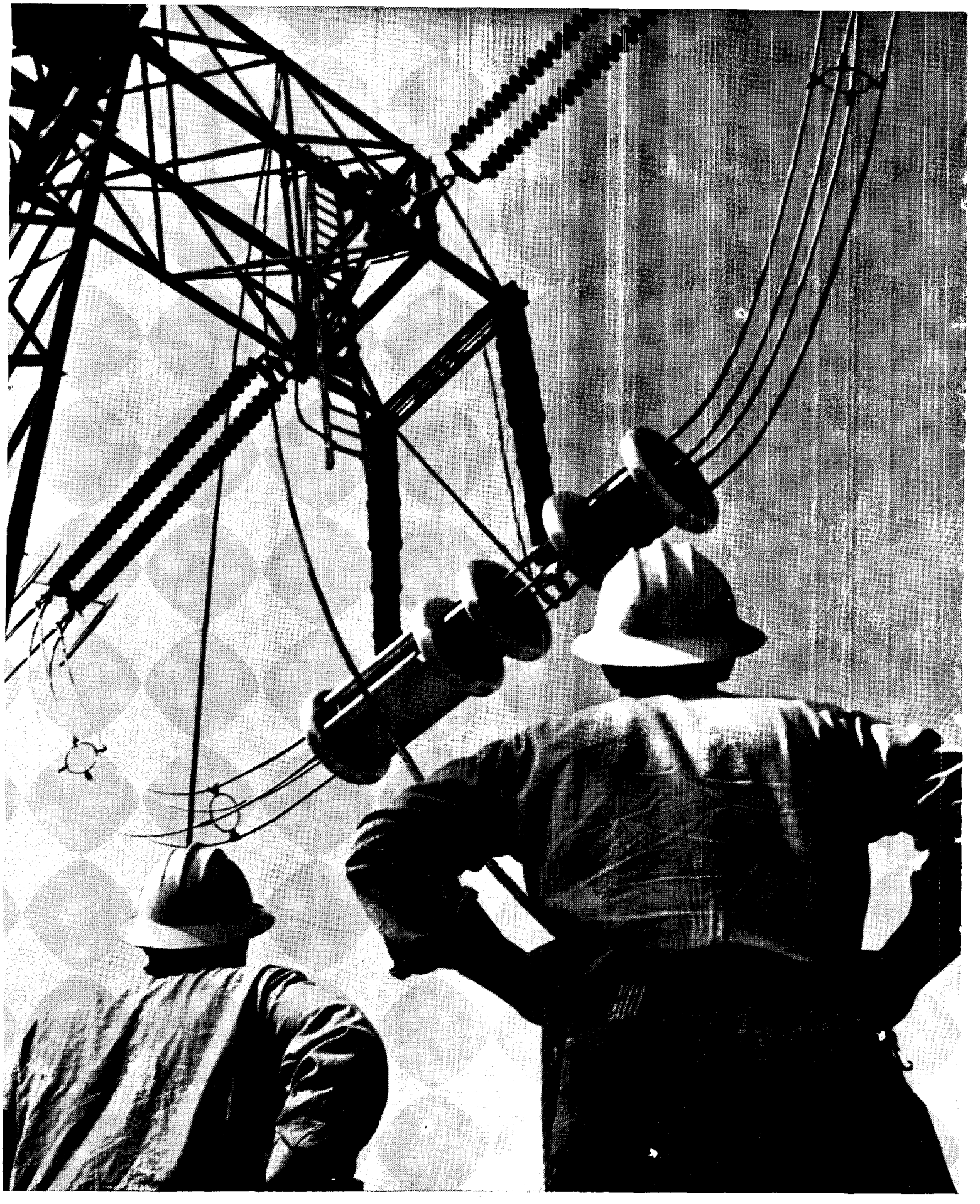

Extra-High-Voltage Transmission (EHV). As power needs grow in the future, electric lines will have to carry greater loads with greater efficiency. Under research conditions, an investor-owned power company and a manufacturer have achieved 775,000-volt transmission (most high-voltage lines today operate between 115,000 and 345,000 volts).

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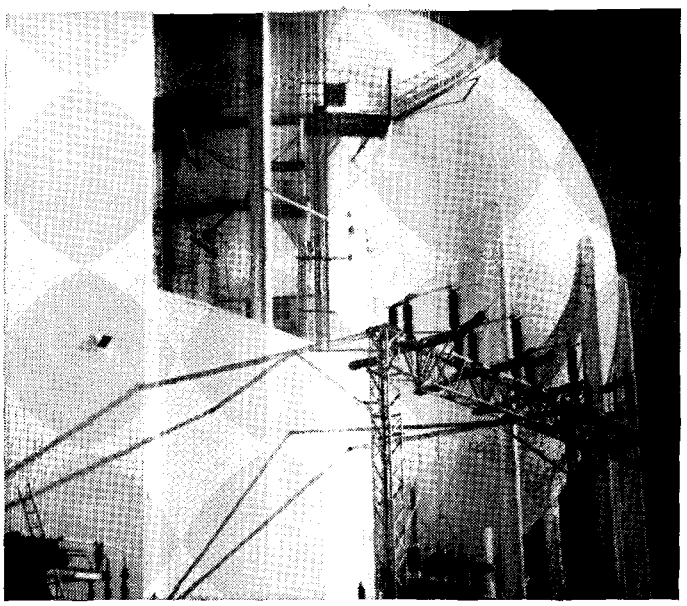

Atomic Energy. Investor-owned electric power companies are now participating in 26 projects designed to produce electricity through atomic energy. It's a $1 billion program, involving 126 companies from all over the nation. Eight plants are already producing atomic electricity.

Power Sources. Exotic power sources are under research. They make use of the latest advances in chemistry and physics. This experimental thermionic tube, which converts heat directly into electricity, is a possible new source for producing electric power in the future.

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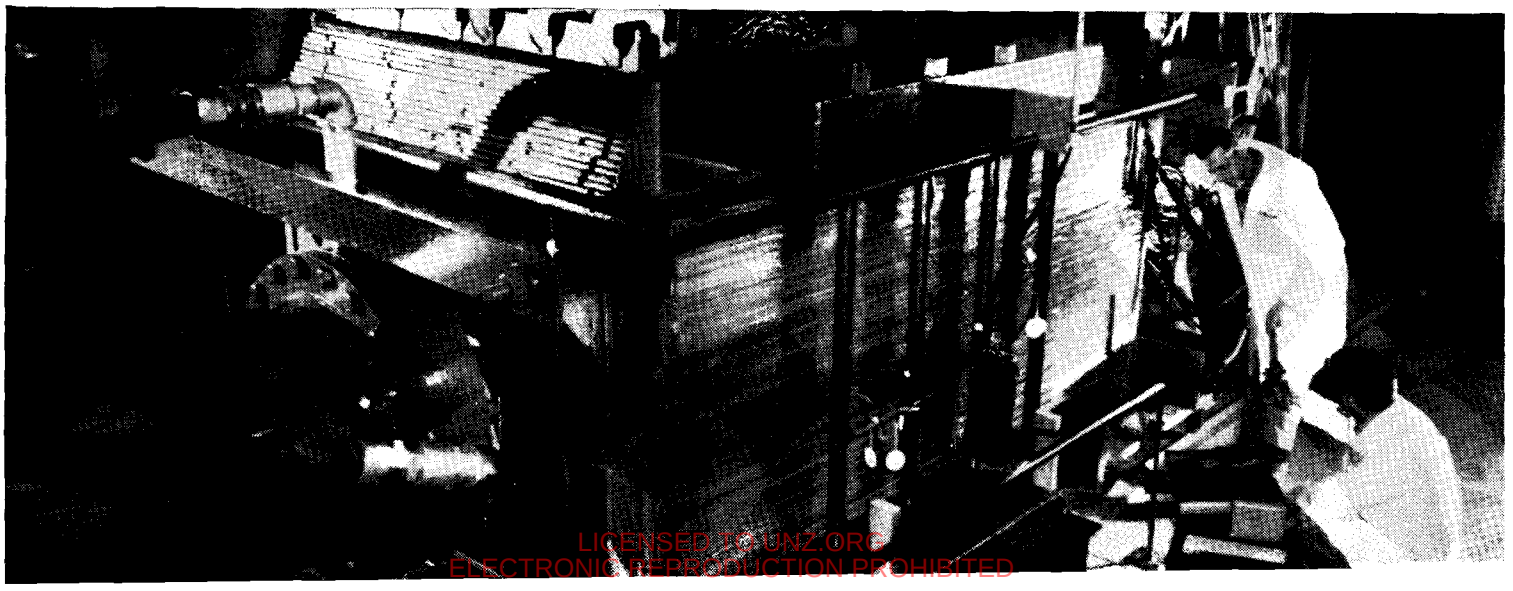

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The WEEK

● PLEDGES OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT. From the Associated Press, Washington, Oct. 2: "The President said his Administration promised to use its best efforts to keep military pay in line with living costs. 'That's a pledge we intend to keep,' he said."

● George Kennan, who retired to Princeton in 1953 (Ike) after almost thirty years in the United States diplomatic service as an expert on Eastern Europe, there being nothing left of Eastern Europe this side of the Iron Curtain, was recalled in 1961 (JFK) as ambassador to Belgium and later Yugoslavia, from which experiences he has once again retired, not without visiting upon Congress, in public testimony, his private rage at the interventionist arrogance that impels the United States Congress to think it can interfere in the work of Recognized Experts. A swimming pool, said Mr. Kennan, was what he wanted in Belgrade, and he couldn't have it. A fence around the Embassy he wanted, and he couldn't have it. A modest addition to the western wing of the ambassadorial palazzo was what he wanted, and Congress, or somebody, wouldn't let him have it, and he's going back to Princeton. His pension would be cheap at twice the price.

● This month's espionage case concerns a chauffeur of Amtorg and a couple of members of the Soviet UN mission. Same old story: fingerprints on the cookie jar. How many Soviet UN-types have been kicked out of the country now on espionage charges? Fifty? A hundred? No one has the totals, perhaps because no one who has access to them seems to care.

● In last Tuesday's elections New York's Conservative Party went far towards fulfilling its pledge to provide a genuine counterweight to the Liberal Party. In an important race in Hempstead, home town of State Assembly Speaker Carlino, the Conservatives delivered 17,500 votes to an independent candidate in protest over a GOP-Liberal deal that netted only 4,000 Liberal votes for the GOP candidate. As a result the GOP in that area has turned a friendly eye on the Conservatives. In many areas the Conservatives trebled their vote of a year before (while the total vote was down) and provided the margin of victory for one or another candidate; or, if they ran an independent candidate, they demonstrated that they could have provided the margin of victory for an acceptably conservative GOP candidate. Where Conservative endorsement was given to a major party candidate it was welcomed, and on the basis of the great off-year growth in the Conservative vote it seems a sure bet that the New York GOP will be under heavy pressure in 1964 to shake loose from its Liberal fixation.

● *Le Monde*, commenting on Lord Home's decision to renounce his title: ". . . he thus renounces his position as a peer of the sovereign who reigns but does not govern, to become the peer of the parliamentarians who hold the power. Proof that in that country, at least, the elector is not considered a stooge, and his vote a formality."

● Censured for conduct unbecoming a bonze is U Kaythara, of Mandalay, where the dawn comes up like thunder on the Right. U Kaythara, who is eighty-three and holds the title Agga Maha Pandita (Great Learned Person), has been Number One Gadfly of Burmese politics since 1938, when he lambasted one Burmese civil servant for illiteracy and another for being "blind as a bat." Now he is blasting away at the regime of Gen. Ne Win for taking Burma down the "road to socialism." In recognition of which the local left-wing daily denounced the Venerable Monk for using "crude and seditious language against the government."

● They cashiered Otto Otepka. For conduct "unbecoming a diplomat," was the formal reason given by the State Department; or, informally, for conduct embarrassing to the State Department. What State found embarrassing, as everybody knows, is that Otepka, feeling there was irregularity in State's security procedures, communicated with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. They found a Presidential executive order dating to the Hiss affair which said that Otepka's action was officially out of order. But nobody will fool the tested American suspicion of people, or government bureaus, that act as if they have something to hide—especially the lax discharge of their duty to protect the security of the United States.

● "Brek-kek-kek-kecht! Coax! Coax!" goes the frog-like chorus of Broadway Brechtians, now assembling for the *n*th try at bringing Brecht across to backward American audiences. Last season a production of *Mother Courage*, with Anne Bancroft, folded after several thin months. David Merrick now is trying for a hit with *Arturo Ui*, starring Christopher Plummer, while undiscouraged backers of *Mother Courage* are regrouping, off Broadway, with Lotte Lenya. And if *that* one doesn't pay off, they'll do it again, with Kate Smith.

● The Italian Government is in mid-crisis. Giovanni

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Leone's interim government has resigned. Now one after another Premier-designate, probably beginning with Christian Democrat Aldo Moro, must try to fit together a combination of Socialists, Demochristians and Republicans. But the Demochristians are caught in a drastic dilemma: Nenni's Socialists have laid down conditions that would push the Opening so far, this time, to the Left that the Demochristian Right and Center will not agree to them. But if it is impossible to form a government, the only alternative is a new election; and the last thing the Demochristians want now is a new election which, held under the sign of the Treaty of Moscow, would almost surely result in further Communist gains.

● Hey! This is 1963, not 1964! Don't you guys know the market's supposed to be going up *next* year? You expect it to go up *forever*? Put the kabosh on it! Tell Bill to slap that margin up to 70 per cent! How you knuckleheads spec me to run on peace and prosperity in a bear market? Holy Fitz!

The American Way of Death

Diem is dead, and Nhu, and Ambassador Lodge has turned their brother over to the executioners; and there was dancing in the streets of Saigon and, as a matter of fact, in the corridors of New York and Washington. If the dancers were a little inhibited, perhaps it was because Madame Nhu still lives—if she too had been murdered, the joy might have been unconfined. She was in Los Angeles when it happened, with her daughter, at the end of a grueling tour of this country during which she tried to make two points to the American public, namely 1) that the Diem regime's iniquities were largely fabricated, and 2) that the Diem regime's survival was central to the success of the anti-Communist operation in Southeast Asia. Then at one stroke she lost her husband, her brother-in-law, her home, her mission. Time marches on, what?

Funeral orations are generally a bore—the king is dead, long live the king! What matters now, we practical people tell ourselves, is the future: long and expensive burials, as Miss Jessica Mitford has most recently reminded us, are ghoulish, and in any case beside the point. Let us then forswear the oration, and conduct instead an inquest, the charge having been laid by the widow Nhu that her family and regime were killed, actually, in Washington: killed, she means, as a result of American policy. And this even the State Department has not been hypocritical enough to deny.

Two of the different factions revolving around the White House came into momentary conjunction on the need for the coup. One—the Yalta faction, we may call it—seeks to end the war in South Vietnam by extending the Laotian-style troika and neutralizing Southeast Asia through negotiations with Ho Chi-minh and Khrushchev. The Diem regime had blocked that road. The other seeks to end the war by defeating the Communist Vietcong, and had come to believe or been led to believe or ordered to believe that the Diem regime was so vicious in reputation if not in fact that victory would be impossible unless Diem fell. The gentle folk in both factions must have been made queasy by the news that soldiers, acting on instructions of the generals with whom we will now be dealing no less convivially than for years we dealt with Diem, had beat up, and then slaughtered, the president and commander-in-chief. Bob McNamara would have done it differently, but he after all went to Harvard. Those Orientals are given to extremist ways, as witness the self-immolating bonzes. So the killing of President Diem and his brother is none of our concern; no need to express even the barest formal regret. Unhampered now by the despotism of Diem, we can get on with the main business in Southeast Asia.

When Madame Nhu declares that her family was the mind and spirit of the fight against the Communists, the prosecutor counters by asking: how can that be? considering that the people of South Vietnam danced in the streets at the news of its downfall? But one might answer, such are the ways of the people. They dance at the Revolution, and they dance at the Restoration. They danced in the streets of Peking when Chiang Kai-shek was driven away by the Communists. . . . Well but surely we will now have stability in South Vietnam, which we can harness into effective action without the distractions of a despot who kept outraging world opinion?

Are we indeed so sure? That is what they said after Syngman Rhee's ouster from Korea. He too, like Diem, was revered as the George Washington of his country, but he too was said to grow despotic and corrupt, and finally was ousted. In the succeeding five years there have been three different governments in South Korea, each giving more trouble than the last. That is what they said, you will remember, after Batista's ouster from Cuba, or Trujillo's from the Dominican Republic.

We will have a more unified effort against the Communists? But history seems to argue the contrary. One successful coup tends to be an invitation to other would-be coup-makers. Or will it be the alternative, of one-man rule? (Rule by one of the men who murdered a man for exercising one-man rule?)

And is a unified effort against the Communists what *we* are really after? On November 6, before Diem was buried, James Reston used his *New York Times* column to present the program of the Yalta

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faction. "Why a Truce in Korea and Not in Vietnam?" was the heading, and at the end he summarized: "A 'neutral belt' of states including Burma, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam, backed by the major powers." (See James Burnham's column in this issue.)

There are two ways of looking at the Diem regime. One focuses exclusively on its rumored sins (as measured by the Western code). It remains a mystery just exactly what they were, though if Diem did not sin he would be the first ruler since Saint Louis who hasn't. The second calls for focusing on the relative performance of Diem. As to that, the majority leader of the Senate said of him the day after he died that he had been "a courageous man," a "man of integrity," a "great patriot."

But that is not enough these days in the court of public opinion. He was something else again quite utterly disqualifying him. He was a relentless, undeviating, active, fighting anti-Communist. That is the besetting sin of our time, and few can survive it. Anti-Communists who unflinchingly support America tend to end up (Diem) with bullets in their head; or (Rhee) exiled; or (Chiang) shelved; or (Salazar) beleaguered. In international politics, a strong and purposive friendship for this country tends to lead to what one might call the American Way of Death.

What the Voters Said

The off-year election, like most off-year elections, failed to live up to the advance billings of the partisan heralds. But in the results this time there is no mistaking the trend, however arguable the amount. For the President and the Democratic Party (they are not quite the same thing) it was down, over-all; and up for Republicans.

Democrats did not hide their alarm over the Kentucky result, where their candidate, normally a breeze-in, just managed to nose out Republican Louis B. Nunn, who ran as a Goldwater supporter and made much of the President's civil rights bumbling. Some ebullient Republicans believed beforehand that they could carry Philadelphia, where the Democratic machine is notoriously corrupt and civil rights has long been a seething local issue. They failed, but the Democrats had cold comfort from a majority of 60,000, down from 300,000 the last time round.

Mississippi joined the two-party system when, for the first time since Reconstruction, a Republican, running as a newcomer against Lieut. Gov. Paul B. Johnson Jr. and combating every elected official in the state, got more than a hundred thousand votes out of fewer than three hundred thousand cast. On both sides the entire campaign was fought over the issue, which was more anti-Kennedy, Democrat or Republican? In a few California, New York, and

New England towns, Democrats made local gains, but in New Jersey the Democratic machine under Gov. Richard J. Hughes went down to a defeat far more crushing than any predicted. The $750-million bond issue, which Hughes had blown up into the critical question of the campaign, was solidly rejected; the Democrats lost the majority they had held in the state assembly since 1956.

The net conclusion on last week's evidence? About November 7, 1964, no one can take anything for granted.

More Power to You, Jimmy

There is a sense in which one should be grateful to James Hoffa. He is a man of incontinent appetite who is going to pick on every bone of our permissive labor laws right up until someone tells him to stop, someone being, in this case, an aroused Congress which will do its duty. The Meanys and the Reuthers and the McDonalds are cagier folk. They are, each one of them, capable of outrageous abuse of the preferential legislation granting them monopoly privileges; but they are confident that, provided they keep playing it cool most of the time, they can count

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Diem from the Grave

On June 19, 1962, Charles W. Wiley, representing NATIONAL REVIEW, *had a private three-hour interview with the late President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam. Because of a bureaucratic blockage somewhere along the line in Washington or Saigon, we never got clearance for the verbatim text. Diem, at any rate, will no longer object; and we here publish excerpts that have, perhaps, a certain relevance for the living as well as for the dead.*

Wiley. President Diem, can you stop the Communists in Vietnam?

Diem. We can—and will. The struggle has been long and hard, but the worst is over. In a sense, our problem here is only part of the larger picture. The Communists — our common enemy — think in terms of global strategy. And this is logical. The Free World loses country after country because of conflicting interests and a failure to recognize the total struggle. When the Communists capture Cuba, our situation here is made more difficult. Should they conquer a country in Southeast Asia, Berlin is weaker.

Wiley. If I may speak frankly; there have been charges that the Communists benefit from shortcomings in your government—that there is graft . . .

Diem. Mr. Wiley, it is true that there have been cases of graft in the government. But these have been punished. And more severely than in other countries in Asia. We've made mistakes—we're human. But our critics not only point out our smallest errors, they make up many others. I am insulted as head of state and personally; members of my family are abused. And the Communists pick up every scrap of unfavorable comment by Americans. This isn't the first time that one of your allies has been treated this way. When the fate of mainland China was at stake, the same stories were circulated in certain parts of your press about President Chiang Kai-shek. Sometimes it seems that the United States has a suicide complex.

Your press people are "progressive" and they use the tack that they are criticizing because the government isn't effective *enough* against the Communists. One easy way to measure the effectiveness of the government: Do the Communists attack it? And the more they attack, the more effective it is.

Wiley. What do you mean by "progressives"?

Diem. The "progressives" condemn capitalism as being materialistic, but fail to recognize the materialism of Communism. They ignore the atheistic nature of Communism, and prefer to think of it as a twentieth-century equivalent of first-century Christianity. These people would not go and live under Communism—but they dream about it from afar.

Another type of progressive is the wealthy man who has a guilt complex because of his inheritance. He would do better by giving his money to the poor, but prefers to live in security and comfort, while atoning for his sin by being pro-Communist.

Wiley. Mr. President, your critics say the Communists have been able to organize a large guerrilla army here in Vietnam, because the people have stopped supporting you.

Diem. This is not true. The Communists took over much of the country when the Japanese left in 1945, and built their strength for the next nine years while the French only controlled the main centers and some roads. The people had to cooperate with the Communists, and they recruited from the local population both north and south. These cadres were never withdrawn, and were ready for combat when ordered. My government took over a country that was already fully organized by the Communists—with an army inside our borders. This was my legacy. The people came to support the Republic because of its advances and respect for the individual. The Communists lost—not gained —strength, and it was because of our success that full-scale war was begun by them in February 1960.

Wiley. You seem to be very bitter towards your critics. Do you think that they are all Communists or pro-Communists?

Diem. No, no. The enemy is very clever. When they want to carry out a policy, they borrow people from the Free World to push it.

Wiley. How about suggestions from non-Communists on how to improve things here? You've been accused of ignoring many good ones.

Diem. In the United States many people speak of problems in foreign countries without the proper background to understand them. You have large numbers of well-trained competent people, and great wealth. You can engage in daring experiments—and if they fail, replace the men in charge and repair the damage. Small countries have no replacements, no reserve. You can't transpose American methods to countries like Vietnam which are both underdeveloped and facing immediate danger. There are no experiments here—only life or death. One big mistake and everything is finished.

Wiley. Are you satisfied with the U.S. military advisers in Vietnam?

Diem. We certainly are. They are of the highest caliber—both as military men and people. We are deeply grateful to the United States for your help, and for your choice of military personnel to send here.

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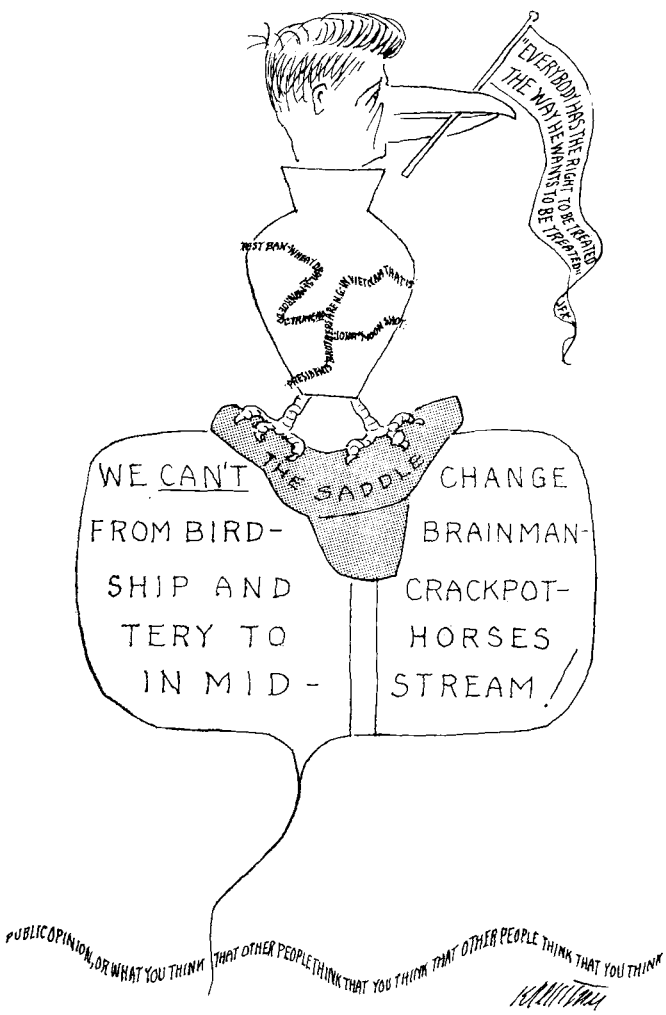
on public torpor and congressional cowardice to perpetuate them in privilege on through our progressive century. And the longer they continue to enjoy their cornered privileges, the more these become a part of the system, and tough to do anything about—like the agricultural subsidies.

Enter James Hoffa. He too counts on public apathy and an abject Congress to give him legal shelter while he colonizes the transportation industry from coast to coast. But he is about as subtle as a foghorn, and moves brazenly towards his objective, which is to amass the power to decide on a given day that all American commercial transportation will come to a dead halt.

Last week he announced jubilantly the results of a referendum conducted among his cheering legions: the vote was for war. And so he will begin a program of reworking existing contracts so as to have them come due together. Then he will bargain coast to coast in behalf of the totality of truck drivers for a price, failure to come up with which will paralyze the entire United States. For if everyone who belongs to one of Jimmy's unions were to strike, not a plane, not a train, and within a matter of days not a private automobile, would be able to move: and Hoffa will have realized his power to stop every wheel in America from turning.

Perhaps, as we say, that is an apocalypse we should welcome, as nothing short of that appears to be sufficient to alert the nation to the need for drastic reform in its labor legislation.


"EVERYBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO BE TREATED THE WAY HE WANTS TO BE TREATED"
SEX
WE CAN'T CHANGE HORSES IN MID-STREAM!
SADDLE
FROM BIRD-SHIP AND TERY TO
BRAINMAN-CRACKPOT-
PUBLIC OPINION, OR WHAT YOU THINK THAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK THAT YOU THINK THAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK THAT YOU THINK

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

VENEZUELA PREPARES FOR THE ELECTIONS
by Robert Peter

THE INTELLECTUAL AND THE MARKET PLACE
by George J. Stigler

Bigger and Better Parietals?

Dean Monro said nothing doing in a letter to the *Harvard Crimson* denying the request to liberalize the existing "parietals." Why? Because, said the Dean, even as they stand, some Harvard students have been abusing them on football Saturdays to conduct a few post-game games. A month later a Boston reporter chanced on the month-old copy of the *Crimson* carrying the Dean's letter, and from there it was routine to the headline: SEX ORGIES AT HARVARD!

But it is not only the sensationalist press that has pondered the problem raised by the parietal. That word, by the way, having evolved a very long way from the Latin word for "wall," means residing within, or pertaining to life within, the buildings of a college; and at Harvard, it means very simply the hour the girls have to leave the boys' rooms (answer: before midnight on Big Saturdays; before 7:00—sometimes 8:00—on other days). Dean Monro, in his monitory letter, quoted a statistic to the effect that 50 per cent of the women who graduate from American colleges have lost their chastity; and that under the circumstances of an increasing sexual intemperance and personal indiscipline, he was not disposed to extend the existing parietals; rather he was thinking seriously of constricting them.

The *Harvard Crimson* editorialized by poohpoohing the scandals, insisting that they were merely isolated incidents—involving, presumably, no more than 50 per cent of college girls—so what is the fuss all about? However, the *Crimson* gave room to a former editor to express the view that a student's room is his castle, and that it is absolutely not the business of anyone besides himself what he does there, provided he commits no felony; and if he chooses to invite a girl to stay there for 24 hours or 24 days at a stretch, that is his and the girl's business, and no one else's.

Those are the coordinates of the raging discussion

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Focus on '64

◆ What's going on in Wisconsin? First there was the announcement of a favorite-son movement for Rep. John W. Byrnes. Then Senator Goldwater came out with his wholehearted support of Byrnes as favorite son. Then, November 4, the *Democratic* Governor John W. Reynolds invited the GOP to a primary fight: "Rockefeller and Goldwater," said the Governor, "should have the courage to face the people of Wisconsin." What's going on is this: Wisconsin is that rarity, a state in which you don't have to enroll in a party to vote in its primary; which means Democrats could vote in a GOP primary; which suggests they'd vote for Rockefeller knowing very well that Kennedy could slaughter Rockefeller in November—which would be just dandy from Governor Reynolds' standpoint, and from the standpoint of whoever it was in Democrat HQ, Washington, who told him to issue the call for GOP "courage."

◆ New York's Mayor Robert Wagner has (after his fashion) announced he'd like to be a U.S. Senator, and the tendency is to see nothing in it but local politics and family spirit (running the rounds in Democrat circles: "*I want a job/ just like the job/ they gave to dear old Dad*"). But there's a side-effect of national interest. If Wagner makes the run, Democratic professionals who have tied their careers to a *Mayor* Wagner might not want to jeopardize their future by working for a *Senator* Wagner. Some Democrats think the Wagner nomination might create a morale problem that would work against the top of the ticket. If so, JFK may be expected to give Wagner the evil eye.

◆ Professional students of the opinion polls don't know quite how to figure Dr. Gallup's latest, which matches Goldwater against Nixon among rank-and-file Republicans and finds Nixon a shade ahead, 52 to 48 per cent. Presumably Nixon got the second-choice support of backers of other possible contenders—Rockefeller, Romney, and so on; but does this mean that a coalition behind Nixon might give Goldwater a tough race for the nomination? Not according to an AP survey of Republican state and county leaders. Of 1,404 who answered the questionnaire, 1,194 thought Goldwater would be the strongest GOP candidate, and 901 predicted he'd get the nomination. Only 72 foresaw a second nomination for Nixon; and 44 thought Nixon would be the strongest GOP candidate. Goldwater backers were quick to point out that county leaders may know even more about rank-and-file sentiment in the party than Dr. Gallup.

◆ Goldwater visited Connecticut late in October and has promised another visit, next April, to help erase the GOP's $80,000 deficit. With an eye on the recent visit (and perhaps on the exchequer), Mrs. Babette Ranserhoff, GOP national committeewoman of Connecticut, and Mr. A. Searle Pinney, GOP state chairman, agree that Goldwater was an impressive figure and that there's "a large ground-swell of grass-roots support" for him in Connecticut. Although the Connecticut GOP has supported Liberals for 23 years, one state leader was quoted as holding the door open for a change: "It's not impossible that Goldwater might have some high-level support in Connecticut if things continue as they are going."

◆ Which means that Goldwater is not necessarily restricted to the Mountains, the Midwest, and the South. And our man in Pennsylvania has come through with the results of a recent poll in that state, which is often set down as a fief of the GOP's Liberal wing. He says: "Fifty-five per cent of the state's GOP county chairmen now favor Goldwater, and Goldwater-pledged delegates will be entered in every district next April."

◆ The press tried to make something of it when Mr. James J. Wadsworth, whom Eisenhower had named as a delegate to the UN, addressed a conclave of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy on the menace of "war party" elements in the GOP including, by plain implication, Senator Goldwater: "A group of some importance in view of the fact that one of its most important personalities is considered the front-runner for the Republican nomination for the Presidency." Within three days Ike issued a statement rebutting Mr. Wadsworth: "Senator Goldwater is no more anxious to go into the disaster of nuclear war than anyone else is. I doubt that Goldwater would get us into trouble. . . . If he can persuade the Republicans en masse to accept him, I'm going to support him."

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on the matter, which touches on what is called the sexual revolution and reflects, of course, the continuing attrition of traditional ideas on sexual morality. What Dean Monro faces is the Problem of the Evanescing Sanction. What he is most unlikely to admit is that it is the academic world, by and large, that has undermined those sanctions, so that his quarrel, really, is less with his charges, than with his fellows. Perhaps he ought to set up some moral parietals for his faculty?

Essentially it is as simple as this, that the principal sanction against libertinage is religious. The state sanction against it is ambiguous, and in any case almost wholly lacking in deterrent force. The remaining sanction, the public sanction on which Dean Monro tacitly counts most heavily, itself rests largely on what is left of the religious sanction. And the belief in religion dwindles—as a Harvard poll published in 1959 [which the Educational Reviewer borrowed in making its own surveys—*NR*, Oct. 8] quite

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clearly establishes. Religion is thought by the intellectually dominant wing of Harvard to be the province, if not the opiate, of the duller classes.

The position of the former editor of the *Crimson* is in one sense merely the routine fanatical extension of a sound principle: it is true that one's room is private, ergo it is true that whatever goes on in that room is exclusively one's own affair. *Mutatis mutandis,* that is merely a restatement of the fallacy identified by Oliver Wendell Holmes: I own this piece of property, *therefore* I can build a building on it five miles high. . . . But the appeal to common sense is bounded by one's understanding of what excess consists in—and so the fallacy tends to recede from view as society loses the *idea* of sin. *Non debit dari occasio agendi injuste*—the occasion of sin should not be given, St. Thomas wrote. For the Lord's Prayer asked that we not be led into temptation; and St. Matthew would surely appear to be on Dean Monro's side ("Alas for the world that such causes of stumbling arise! Come they must, but woe betide the man through whom they come."—18:7). All of which is why the ex-editor has had the disquieting effect on the Harvard campus of the voice whose counsels you intuitively reject, but whose words, for lack of ground on which to stand, you know not how to resist. There are other scandals going on at Harvard, and the worst of them are committed during the daylight hours.

The Rocky Road of HR 6386

Ever since NATIONAL REVIEW's William Rickenbacker got tangled up with the Census Bureau in 1960 in a historic case of Privacy *vs.* the Snooper State, NATIONAL REVIEW has kept tabs on the matter. Early this year Rep. John Ashbrook introduced HR 6386, "to insure the right of privacy in the conduct of decennial censuses of population, unemployment, and housing," providing that not more than two per cent of the United States be grilled, and that answers shall be on a voluntary basis. The bill went to the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, which shipped it to the Department of Commerce, whose legal wits, in the form of Mr. Robert E. Giles, have now advised Rep. Tom Murray, chairman of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee that HR 6386 should be killed dead, as a horrible intrusion into the privacy of the government to collect "the quality and quantity of the statistics" it determines it wants. Mr. Giles admits only two limitations on the kind of coercive questioning the Bureau may engage in: the questions must be "in the public interest" and they "should not unreasonably invade the privacy of the individual."

Then the constitutional question is this: precisely what public interest is served by counting TV sets in rural areas? No one has ever been able to explain the necessity of such a search. Mr. Robert Burgess, who was director of the Bureau of the Census in 1960, testified at Rickenbacker's trial. The presiding judge asked him, "What was the purpose of it [the housing survey]?"

Burgess: "Well, it seemed to be carried out as a simplification of the training and of the routine which becomes enormous."

The judge tried again. "What was the purpose of getting that particular information?"

Burgess: "Oh, that information had been obtained before 1950. It was on the census, and, some of the questions on the census, although taken at the same time by any given enumerator from a given household, some of them were, as they came to those questions, they would say these are—we will skip these for this household and—"

The judge tried again: "Well, what was the purpose for this somewhat extensive questionnaire in 1960?"

Burgess: "Well, those questions were asked before in 1950; for instance, questions mostly asked. Only minor changes from census to census in the questions."

The judge tried again: "What was the purpose for getting all that information? What was done with it?"

Burgess: "Well, it was summarized, as it had been in 1950, when sampling was done in a different procedure. These were questions that we explored very carefully through committees, one within the government and one of experts outside and one of users outside, 'What changes would you like and the information you would get,' and we turned down a very considerable number of those questions, requests for extensions of information, but within the government and outside the government they wanted more information for house—for guidance, as an aid to housing, for instance. By the way, if that—"

The judge asked once more, and Burgess finally said: "You see, the Housing Administration gives government aid in certain cities for improving the housing conditions." That explanation was accepted.

So Mr. Giles is in effect arguing that the Federal Government, in order to build charity apartments in cities, must have the power to toss rural householders in jail if they don't answer questions about their TV sets. "It is important that the response be mandatory," says Mr. Giles.

It is important that the respondent be free, and possessed of personal privacy, says NATIONAL REVIEW, as long as the government has no better reason than Mr. Burgess has for asking its questions.

There's plenty of room in a free republic for HR 6386.

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On the Right

Goldwater and the John Birch Society

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

I had occasion last March, before however Senator Goldwater had become the odds-on favorite to receive the Republican nomination, to comment on the tendency among opponents of the American Right to fasten on the John Birch Society as a means of sandbagging conservative candidates. With the rise of Senator Goldwater, the tendency is assuming the form of a national political obsession.

Buckley

Consider two events, altogether typical, to which I, along with many others, happened to be a witness last week. The National Review Forum brought the executive director of the National Draft Goldwater Committee to New York to give a speech about the Senator, and answer questions about him and his candidacy. Three expert questioners were empaneled, one of them sympathetic to Goldwater, two of them (James Wechsler of the *New York Post,* T. George Harris of *Look* Magazine) not. So help me, two-thirds of the questions the unfriendly gentlemen asked had to do with the attitude of Senator Goldwater towards the John Birch Society.

Two days later, the Sunday Magazine of the *New York Times* featured an anti-Goldwater article by Senator Javits, the gravamen of which was Senator Goldwater's unsatisfactory position on the John Birch Society. Mr. Javits disdainfully quoted Senator Goldwater as saying, "All of the members of the Society I know are good people. Sometimes you can argue with their methods just as you might argue with the members of an American Legion post. But that doesn't mean you have to condemn them."

I distinguish, as should we all, I think, between two classes of people. The first wishes, plain and simple, to make polemical headway against Goldwater by any means. These tend to be the hypersuspicious ideologists, or the professional critics who become so immersed in the glamorous business of obtaining and retaining power that they are interested in facts only to the extent that they lend themselves to invidious construction. Such people are to be found, I hasten to add, on both sides of the political picture.

I am addressing the second group of people who desire to know the truth of the matter respecting Senator Goldwater and the John Birch Society. That truth is this, that Senator Goldwater has never been a member of the Society, that he scarcely knows its leader Mr. Welch, that he has consistently repudiated Mr. Welch's spectacular theses, that Mr. Welch has no hold on him whatever, and that on several occasions he has called upon Mr. Welch to resign his leadership as the result of his manifest disqualifications as a political analyst. For he knows Mr. Welch is seized of an unreal vision.

'It Does Not Follow'

But people who are seized of unreal visions are not necessarily incapacitated in all matters. If I say that the moon is made of green cheese and that Venus is farther away from the Earth than Mars, my astronomical lunacy in the first instance does not necessarily invalidate any other astronomical observations which are not logically derivative. Because Robert Welch believes in a cluster of political unrealities, it does not thereby follow that taxes aren't too high, or that our foreign policy is not inadequate, or that our foreign aid program is not profligate, or that our fiscal policies are not inflationary. And certainly it does not follow that Senator Goldwater has any obligation, in morals or in intellect, to repudiate all those who have associated themselves with Mr. Welch to make common cause against Communism and socialism. It does not follow that Mr. Kennedy should repudiate the Democratic Party because its leadership in the South is segregationist.

Welch as Leader

Having said as much, let me as a personal matter add that my own experience does not agree with Mr. Goldwater's as quoted by Mr. Javits, namely, that "all the members of the [John Birch] Society I have met are good people." They are not, in fact, all of them "good" people; at least not all of them that I have had experience with. I have letters from some of them which are the quintessence of intolerance, of a crudeness of spirit, of misanthropy. It is a very, very interesting and very subtle question what is the extent to which such persons have been influenced in their ways by the precepts of their leader. Robert Welch has recently written that General de Gaulle is a Communist. Now certain of his readers, particularly those of slavish intellectual bent, who read that statement and are impressed by it, will certainly exercise dormant faculties for suspicion and intolerance. But a society is not to be judged by the excesses of individual members of it, any more than it must be judged by the excesses of its leaders. I do not wish to be judged by the excesses of a single reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, nor should the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW be judged by any excess of my own. President Kennedy must not be judged by the excesses of members of the Democratic Party, nor should the Democratic Party be judged by any excess of President Kennedy.

And so I stand by my statement of a year or so ago that I have nothing against, in fact I have a considerable admiration for, the majority of those members of the John Birch Society, whom I have met or corresponded with—and I judge them as individuals, not as members of the Society. But irrespective of whether one agrees with the general goals of the Society's members, as I emphatically do, genocidal assaults upon the membership of the Society and on candidates who refuse to condemn all members of the Society, are unreasonable and undiscriminating.

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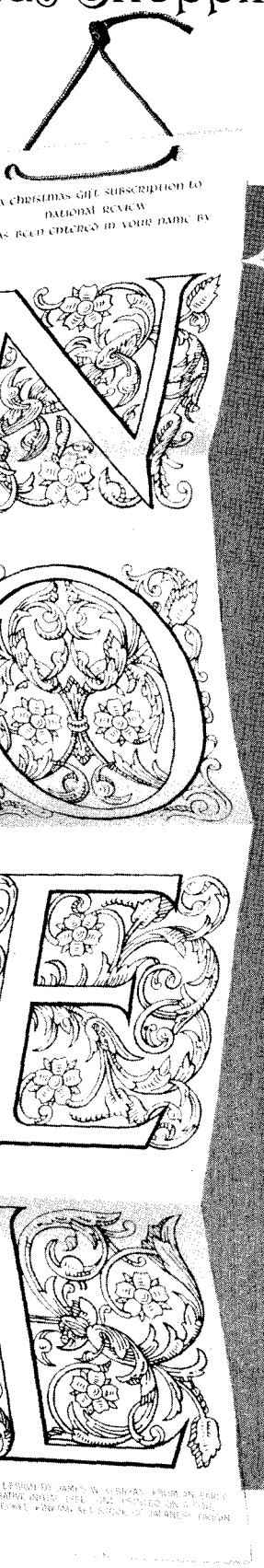

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From Washington Straight

CATO

For want of the nail, as the old story goes, the battle was lost. . . . For want of a little foresight, Bobby Baker, the former clerk of the Senate Majority, whose financial doings have broken into a major scandal, would still be — or might still be — in office. When Baker, who had set up a vending machine firm of his own, managed to get a reversal of a government contract signed with Capital Vending Company — a rival outfit — Ralph Hill, president of Capital Vending, allowed word to get to Baker that he was contemplating suing. Baker refused to take the threat seriously; Hill, he told associates, would never dare bring suit. Even after the suit had been filed, Baker continued to tell his intimates that there was nothing to worry about; the whole thing would blow over. But it was the Capital Vending suit that brought Baker into sudden national prominence and triggered Sen. John Williams' interest in the Senate page who had made it too good.

Cato

In the first few days following the army coups in Saigon, press reports from South Vietnam were so sketchy and contradictory that opposition to the Administration's policies in Vietnam had a hard time coalescing. But now that the facts are out on the murder of President Diem and his brother, our diplomatic maneuvering in all of Asia will undergo searching inquiry. (It's probably no coincidence that it is at just this time that the State Department has ordered Ambassador Howard "Merdeka" Jones home from Jakarta for consultations; Jones had been a loyal friend of Bung Sukarno, whose government is certainly more corrupt and more dictatorial than ever was Diem's, up until the time Sukarno's trained street mobs sacked the British Embassy over Malaysia—this was going too far. Foggy Bottom doesn't want to answer embarrassing questions about our Indonesian policy just now.)

One Republican leader on the Hill feels that President Diem's real crime in the eyes of President Kennedy's more "accommodating" foreign policy advisers was that he stood in the way of a grand plan to settle the whole Southeast Asia problem *à la* Laos. This legislator predicts that Gen. Chung Hee Park will now become the target candidate of what Joseph Alsop calls "the breast-beaters," and that we will be reading in future weeks stories of corruption and oppression in the "strongman" government of South Korea. He fears Park's government will face a fate similar to Diem's within the next year.

New publishing broadsides against "the men around the President" will be touched off in the next couple of weeks by Frank Kluckhohn's *The House That Jack Built* (Devin-Adair). Although Vic Lasky's *JFK: The Man and The Myth* proved that it is now possible to write and get published and get read a book which attacks the President personally, which was not so a couple of years ago, the prime targets of the opposition press remain the left-ideologues around the President. Several anti-New Frontier books are in the works.

Senator Barry Goldwater's statement in a letter to a Tennessee legislator that perhaps the time had come for the government to sell TVA to private investors has not been well received by Goldwater supporters in Tennessee. The facts of the matter are that the TVA is so important to the region and has so many financial and political ramifications that any serious move to return the Authority to private hands would cause convolutions Goldwater's supporters do not believe they can control. Their complaint, voiced in private to persons close to the Senator, is: why did he have to bring up the issue when he could so easily have side-stepped it?

In mid-summer 1962, Democratic leaders in Congress rammed through a $900-million "Accelerated Public Works Program." The greater part of the funds ended up in make-work projects in a number of areas where local Democrats were having rough races in the fall of 1962. One small western town, for instance, got a grant to finance a plant to build park benches, and it is reliably estimated that the local factory has turned out enough benches to supply the Golden West for another thousand years.

Now pressure is being brought to bear on Congress to appropriate an additional $900 million for the Accelerated Public Works Program — but with handy examples of how the last monies were spent, the Republicans are resisting.

Paul Nitze, recently nominated by the President to succeed Fred Korth as Secretary of the Navy, will get a particularly rough going-over in the Senate hearings on his appointment. His activities over long years of government work are being reviewed by the staffs of several senators who feel he is the wrong man for the important Navy post.

Here & There on the Hill: Questions are being asked about a story carried in the *Stockholm Expressen* of Sept. 7 which reports that on his recent trip to Sweden Vice President Lyndon Johnson spent 100,000 kronen ($20,000) for several paintings by Ulo Wallman, whom the paper identifies as one of Sweden's leading Communists. Is this, ask the almost flak-happy anti-Communist forces on the Hill, a sign that the Administration is ready to go all out on trade with Communism?

Reports that Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. might well succeed his boss, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, next year when Hodges is expected to resign in order to run as governor of North Carolina, on the decline since Roosevelt accepted the invitation by Greek shipping magnate Onassis to join a recent Aegean cruise. Onassis' "most favored individual" treatment by the Maritime Administration is under investigation.

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Crossroads in Dixie

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

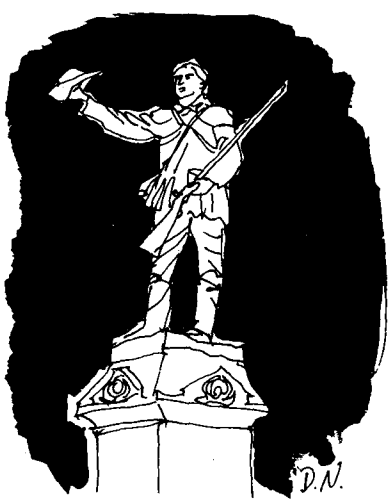
The South a primrose path of dalliance treads, unfaithful to her Democratic spouse, unready to wed her Republican lover

When the 68th Congress convened in March of 1923, Oscar W. Underwood held one of Alabama's seats in the Senate and Tom Heflin held the other. Virginia's senators were Swanson and Glass. Walter George had just arrived from Georgia the year before. These men were individuals in their own right, and rather cantankerous ones at that; but in a larger sense, they were members of a mystic brotherhood, bound together in a bond beyond their party: They were *Southern Senators*. Their opposite numbers from, say, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, shared no such common identification; they were doubtless able men, but they were discrete particles. Much of the history of the mid-century may be gleaned from reflection upon this fact of congressional life: Since 1923, Virginia, Georgia and Alabama have sent, all told, eighteen men to the Senate; and Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey have sent 41. In the past sixteen years, these three Southern states have sent one new senator, Talmadge of Georgia; the three Northern states have sent eleven.

The parliamentary consequences of this Southern stability are too well known to require more than passing mention. The Senate has sixteen standing committees; Southerners are chairmen of ten of them and ranking members of two others. On Finance and Armed Services, Southerners are lined three deep. On Appropriations, behind the venerable Carl Hayden of Arizona, no fewer than five Southerners stand patiently in queue. The powers of Senate committee chairmen often are exaggerated; it is simply not true that these gentlemen may turn themselves, at will, into bulls, swans, or clouds of golden rain. But these gentlemen are not exactly impotent, either.

Beyond the outward and visible signs of Senate seniority, the Southerners' sticking power has produced some inner and spiritual grace as well. Russell of Georgia is unmatched as parliamentarian and floor general; Byrd of Virginia has explored every thicket of federal finance; McClellan of Arkansas knows where all the bodies are buried. As Joe Clark complained piteously in *The Senate Establishment*, the Southerners generally dominate the house committee by which this most exclusive club is run. In a hundred subtle and inaudible ways, they call the cadence; and the Senate marches, or as the case may be, the Senate stands at rest.

It is no problem to document this image of Southern stability on the Hill. Other popular images are not so fixed. Plainly enough, in Presidential elections the solid South is no longer solid; it probably never will be solid again. Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana have been flirting with the devil since 1948. Virginia, Florida and Tennessee have gone Republican three times hand-running. Texas went for Kennedy in 1960



Davy Crockett

only by the width of Lyndon's eyelash. South Carolina is ready to wander off the reservation. For three-quarters of a century, from 1868 through 1944, the image of Southern solidarity had meaning in Presidential contests. And the South benefited from this scarcely at all.

The Image Re-examined

Add to the valid image of the Southern senator and to the shaky image of the solid South still a third major factor: This is the legend of "Southern conservatism." It is true that by the usual yardsticks (the CIO's, the ADA's, the ACA's), Southern Democrats as a group are more conservative than non-Southern Democrats as a group, but when civil rights questions are eliminated from the scoring system the ratings tend to even up considerably. Ordinarily, the South is thought of in geographical terms as the eleven states of the late Confederacy; from these states, in recent years, have come such notable "Southern conservatives" as Gore, Kefauver, Yarborough, Fulbright, Sparkman and Hill. The image, I say, requires a closer study than it ordinarily receives.

The tide of Southern Republicanism that rises so dramatically toward the White House has a way of ebbing just as swiftly toward the Southern Statehouse. Legislatures of the eleven Southern states have 1,754 seats combined. Only 78 of these were held by Republicans last year, and 50 of those 78 were in Tennessee and North Carolina. Each of the eleven states has a Democratic Governor. The Democratic solidity of the "solid South" exists at the Statehouse and court house level. There the image does in truth have meaning. I used to believe that on balance, the South has benefited from the stability and

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experience and continuity of one-party government; today I am not so sure of this. I am not so sure of this at all.

Other factors press upon us:

Item: The poll tax still is imposed as a prerequisite to vote in Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi and Virginia. There is reason to believe that early in 1964, the pending 24th Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the poll tax in federal elections, will become part of the supreme law of the land. Poll tax repeal is bound to have an unsettling effect in these five states, especially if repeal becomes operative in time to swell registrations in a Presidential year.

The Negro Vote

Item: The rising Negro vote. As of a year ago, the Southern Regional Council reported 140 Negro registration drives in progress in the South. Many of these drives proved disappointing to the Council, but others, as in Birmingham, proved successful. In 100 Southern counties of special concern to the Civil Rights Commission, only 55,700 of 688,000 voting-age Negroes were registered for 1963 elections. These 100 counties, in the Commission's busy view, were the most critical counties; in most areas, Negro registration is proportionately much higher. Even so, it is clear that *vastly more Southern Negroes will* be voting in the future than have voted in the past; and this will be true whether or not the pending Civil Rights Bill is passed.

Item: Reapportionment. Considered as a group, the Southern states have small reason for pride in the fairness with which their legislative and congressional districts have been marked out. In line with the national pattern, rural areas of the South have been over-represented, and urban areas under-represented; but in the South these discrepancies have been dismayingly severe. A 1962 study by the National Municipal League found only three Southern Senates and only two Southern Houses above what might be termed a "mean level of fairness" among all the states. There has not been time to measure the changes in prevailing political philosophies that reapportionment may bring to Southern legislatures; but there is no question that urban representation will be significantly increased over the next ten years. "I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man," Mr. Jefferson once remarked. A good many of his successors in Southern legislatures feel the same way, but this is one political pestilence that will not go away; the trend to city life cannot be mistaken.

There are other familiar factors, of course, that influence Southern politics to some degree. We are as affected as other men by changes in transportation and communication; we are as sensitive to problems of unemployment and industrialization. Personalities, traditions, labels, friendships—all these count. But we are unique in two respects: Woven into the whole fabric of our lives, in ways, statewide, that do not obtain elsewhere, is the presence of the Negro—the Negro as fact, the Negro as symbol. And deep in the marrow of our bones there lies a latent and instinctive conservatism that profoundly affects our political metabolism. These two factors, along with all the others, have created a political schizophrenia unmatched in the Republic. While others are worried about the fruits of a system based upon two parties, we must concern ourselves with the mutations that spring from five or six.

Virginia Voting Pattern

Consider the lunacy that delights us in Virginia. Within the past three years, the typical white Richmonder has voted for a Republican for President, a Democrat for governor, a Democrat for U.S. senator, a Republican for congressman, and for both Democrats and Republicans for the State legislature. The Negroes, meanwhile, have voted for a Democrat for President, a Republican for governor, a Republican for congressman, and for Republicans only for the legislature. In this month's elections, Republican candidates for the Virginia General Assembly fell into new schizophrenias all their own: They bid for both the integrationist Negro vote and the segregationist white vote, and they won a good deal of both. The Republican candidates campaigned furiously against Mr. Kennedy, which pleased the white folks; and they campaigned loudly against the Democrat-dominated State legislature, which pleased the colored folks. Meanwhile the Democratic candidates erected billboards describing themselves as Conservative in very large letters, and as Democrats in very small. The Richmond voters brooded about all this; they felt themselves torn between the party of Mr. Byrd and the party of Mr. Kennedy, loving the one, detesting the other. The Nov. 5 returns told a significant story: Richmond returned six Democratic incumbents to the House, but sent two Republican newcomers with them. Across the state, Republicans ran well.

Why Stay a Democrat?

It will be asked of the white Southerner, why he stays a Democrat, even a Byrd Democrat, when he hates the national party so? Why not become at least a Byrd Republican?

For the time being, this is out of the question for most Southern conservatives whose political life is both active and public. So long as the South is governed by Democratic governors, Democratic State legislators, Democratic tax collectors, court clerks, sheriffs and local councilmen, the great bulk of Southerners actively interested in politics will stay nominally Democratic. All the nicest people, with a few pleasant exceptions, are Democrats. The key political decisions still are made almost universally in Democratic primaries.

Per contra, though this situation is changing swiftly, white Southern Republicans, as a class, historically have ranked low on the social scale. Until recent years, they have been mostly hacks, opportunists, has-beens and never-weres, people with no wit or grace or charm, third-rate lawyers and second-rate salesmen. The prospect of making common cause with this gaggle of lackluster *ignorami* has held no appeal. As I say, this picture changes. It is becoming respectable to be a Republican in the South, not merely quadrennially, but as a regular thing.

Put these forces together, and they point to political upheaval. It is coming. If Senator Goldwater gets the nomination next year, we could see some stunning changes in the House. Wherever the Republicans can field a tolerably presentable candidate for the Congress, the less secure Democrats will have a fight on their hands.

There is a hooker in that sentence:

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I say that wherever the Republicans can field a tolerably presentable candidate, they will have realistic hope of riding a Goldwater boom to victory. The trouble lies in finding tolerably presentable candidates. Somehow, they must be cultivated among fledglings still wet from the nest, or from defectors from Democratic ranks. This is a formidably difficult task anywhere, and when it comes to filling state and local offices, the task is especially difficult in rural counties in which the number of prospective candidates for public office always is quite small.

This problem obtains here in Virginia. The state is fairly panting with suppressed Republican desires. What outlet is there for them? There is not now in sight a single prospective Republican candidate for governor who could command statewide support. Not one. In the Richmond area, eight seats in the state House of Delegates recently were up for grabs; the Republicans searched desperately, but could find five candidates only to seek them. There were six seats to be filled in Norfolk; only two Republicans entered the lists. All told, 100 seats were up for the winning in the Virginia House; the GOP let 63 of them go by default.

Over most of the South, Republicanism is as feeble. Little by little, as in Mississippi and Georgia, headlines exclaim of an occasional Republican who makes it, or almost makes it, into state or federal office. Doubtless there will be some increase in the number of Republicans in Southern state legislatures. But it will take a long, long time; and barring a truly wholesale flip-flop of political labels, the Republican party, as such, will remain a pathetic minority in state and local offices throughout the South.

The upheaval, when it comes, will come first at the level of the House of Representatives and the United States Senate. Three factors, among others, make this inevitable: One is the age of many of the South's foremost spokesmen in the Congress. A second is the relative scarcity of first-quality congressional candidates in Democratic ranks. A third is the nature of a seat in the U.S. Congress, identified as it is with national party politics instead of state party politics.

Here in Virginia, a consciousness of the mortality of man weighs heavily upon us. Harry Byrd and Willis Robertson are 76; Judge Howard Smith, guardian of House Rules, is 80. They are in apparent marvelous health; they are assured of election *ad infinitum*. But their deaths or retirement would create some vast political vacuums, and it is a mistake to assume that Democrats automatically will fill them. Whole eras end in a word; such is the breath of kings. Nor is the problem unique to Virginia. Ellender of Louisiana is 73; Holland of Florida is 71; McClellan of Arkansas is 67; Ervin and Jordan of North Carolina are 67; Russell of Georgia is 65. I pray for their long lives; I do not see men of their capacity, in either party, groomed to come after them.

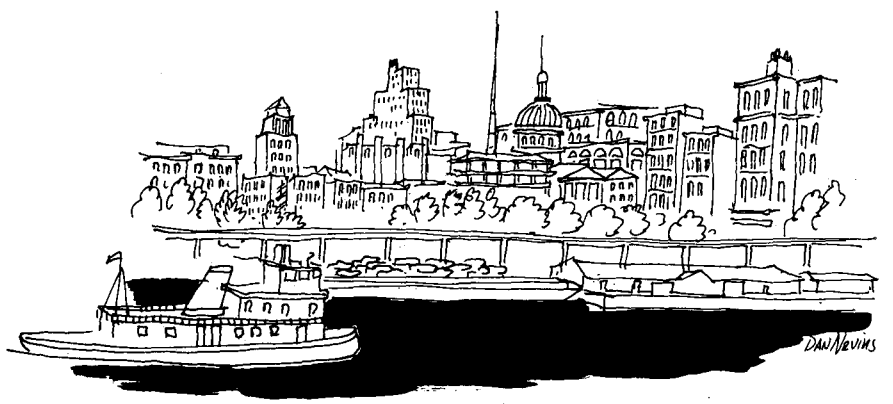
This is the big problem for the South. The Democratic organizations, too long entrenched in the easy ruts of a one-party system, are not producing young leaders of outstanding ability. Old-timers, to whom the Democratic label is as sacred as the Baptist church, live in conditions of acute political anguish; they cannot continue to dwell in the house of their fathers, but they cannot bring themselves to quit it either.

Growing Pains

The state Republican parties, quite understandably, are floundering as badly. They ache with the sharp pains of sudden growth. They charge off in all directions. In state elections, they find themselves allied with Negroes who hate the state Democratic organizations; it is a fragile alliance, for the Negroes are as filled with whirligig allegiance as the whites.

Daily, cold winds blow from judicial chambers; the uncertainties of reapportionment and Negro registration have men talking to themselves. And in the five poll tax states, the prospect is plain that registration rolls are likely to expand sharply next year: and they will not expand with the right sort of people, for the right sort of people—the honest, decent, God-fearing, anti-Kennedy, conservative people — are running things now. The rolls will expand with all the wrong sort of people, and this spells trouble.

Public office in Virginia, and in much of the South, may be different from public office elsewhere, and perhaps we are naive; but here, by cherished tradition, public office is in fact regarded as a public trust, and somehow, one feels that gentlemen ought not to engage in unseemly hassles for a public trust. The prospect of violently partisan elections, reaching down to the level of local councilmen, seems to us downright appalling. It is not mannerly. It is not Virginian. Primary contests, within the party, are one thing; but real fighting with Republicans in November is something else entirely. Such a prospect is vulgar if not absolutely sinful—yet it holds a giddy fascination. Most dangerous, said Angelo, is that temptation that doth goad us on to sin in loving virtue. Do we dast go Republican on the local level? *Who is looking?*



From time to time, I speculate on the hard truths the North has yet to learn in certain areas of race relations — truths of human behavior the South began to learn three centuries ago. This education won't be easy for the North. But the longer many of us in the South think upon the political future, and shiver a maidenly shiver, the more I reflect that in terms of two-party politics, we have some hard truths to master, too.

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The Third World War

The Revolution on the Mekong

JAMES BURNHAM

The first two Communist objectives in the South Vietnamese sector of "the revolution on the Mekong"—the phrase is Ho Chi Minh's—have now been attained. Le Duan, secretary of the Communist Party of North Vietnam, listed the early stages when, in September 1960, he announced formation of the "National Liberation Front" (FLN) of South Vietnam: "This Front must take as its principal objectives the overthrow of the Diem regime, the abolition of the present Constitution, the orientation of South Vietnamese foreign policy toward neutralism, and the establishment of normal relations between the South and the North." (I cite from the study by Nicolas Lang, *Est & Ouest*, Feb. 16-28, 1963.)

These objectives have been achieved through what Communist doctrine calls "enlightened terror," which aims to bring about a situation, chiefly by psychological means, in which active opponents are destroyed by their own camp. A remarkable document found in 1948 on the body of a dead NKVD officer explained: "In the concept of enlightened terror the terror subject not only remains in the shadows, but acts and applies terror not in his own name but in the name of his opponent. . . . In the system of enlightened terror nearly all efforts of the terror subject are directed at converting the [human] environment into a spontaneous assistant and accessory, in ignorance of its role." The terror subject must indeed be congratulating himself today, in his shadows, for the psycho-political manipulation by which he led the Government of the United States to act as his "spontaneous assistant and accessory, in ignorance of its role."

The Mekong is one of the dozen greatest rivers in the world. Rising in the Tibetan plateau, it flows down through southern China (Sikang and Yunnan). For a while it becomes the border between Burma and China, then moves into Laos and for a thousand miles is the border between Laos and Thailand. It then crosses Cambodia and issues into the rich delta —"the rice bowl"—south of Saigon, where it joins the China Sea. Control of the Mekong valley means direct domination of all Indochina, puts irresistible leverage on Burma and Thailand, opens the road south to Malaysia and Indonesia, and outflanks India. "The revolution on the Mekong" is conceived as a vast integrated strategic campaign that will carry Communism through to the South Seas.

The South Vietnamese sector is the only remaining obstacle of consequence. The upper course of the Mekong is under Chinese sovereignty. Socialist-Buddhist Burma and monarchial-Buddhist Cambodia have been swung into anti-Western "positive neutralism." Half of Laos, including the route to South Vietnam, is under full Communist control, and the rest safely tucked into a united front. But an anti-Communist South Vietnamese regime has been a road block that must be breached or undermined. To that end a varied mix of weapons has been directed: paramilitary, terrorist, psychological and political.

Stoking the Engine

The Vietcong as the fighting arm was organized in 1960 by the North Vietnamese Communist Party. It is directed by the "Special Committee for the South": Le Duc Tho and Pham Hung (both members of the Politburo of the CPNV) and General Nguyen Van Vinh, a Central Committee member. Arms, equipment and money have been supplied by Hanoi and Peking. The international diplomatic and propaganda cover has been provided.

In the middle of 1960 the main slogans of the propaganda campaign—many of them destined to make their way through the layers of underground agents, fellow travelers, collaborators, dupes, silly journalists and innocents all the way to the White House—were launched: "Overthrow of the reactionary U.S.A.-Diem clique!"; "An end to the policy of repression and terror!" etc.

The formation late in 1960 of the National Liberation Front, seeking "peace and national independence," was the result of a secret trip by Ho to Moscow and the visit of a Chinese delegation in Hanoi. The Communists see the Front as nucleus for a united front government à la Laos, to which the Western powers will sooner or later consent. Western troops will withdraw from the "neutralized" and "demilitarized" Mekong valley. The Communists will take over in their own good time and fashion.

The Post-Diem Outlook

The Diem regime represented the only serious and cohesive anti-Communist formation in South Vietnam—nor is it by mere chance that Christians were so prominent within it. That regime and that formation are now shattered. The Communists and pro-Communists are dancing in the streets, schools and pagodas, along with the naive and the heedless. Some of the officers who took part in the coup are sincerely anti-Communist, but they have no "social base" for an anti-Communist policy, Moreover, they and their civilian colleagues have the insuperable disadvantage that the whole world knows them—as Moscow immediately named them—for the American puppets they really are.

The socio-political process that President Kennedy initiated can be predicted with near certainty. The new regime, or rather succession of regimes, will begin disintegrating at once. Its leftward elements will inevitably make contact with the National Liberation Front (are doubtless already in contact). The cries will become ever louder: Down with the Reactionary USA Puppets! An end to American Intervention in Vietnamese Affairs! Peace, Independence, Neutrality!

And is John F. Kennedy, flying the Treaty of Moscow at the masthead of his ship of state, the man to reject the claims of Peace?

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Dateline Africa

Kenya's Cauldron

ELSPETH HUXLEY

In recent weeks there's been a fight to the death behind closed doors in London—the death of a constitution signed, sealed and delivered less than a year ago, under which Kenya was supposed to achieve full independence on December 12 this year.

Elspeth Huxley

That schedule stands, the stadium and the bunting and the bands and flags and anthems are well on the way (including a hundred Ethiopian ballet dancers), but the constitution—where is that? In pieces; and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can't put it together again because Mr. Jomo Kenyatta, Kenya's Prime Minister, and his ruling party KANU won't have it at any price. Power is what they're after, power untrammeled, unconfined; and they aren't going to share it with anyone, or accept a set of rules they can't change in any way they want to once Kenya breaks the last constitutional link with Britain.

The present formula was hammered out earlier this year and agreed upon by Kenya's two rival political parties, KANU and KADU, and by the departing British. Its prime object was to assuage the fears of the minorities, who view with apprehension Kenya's progress towards the single-party state now the norm in free Africa. As in most of these newly independent countries, Kenya's population (8.5 million) is an inchoate mass of undigested, disunited tribal groups who speak different languages, follow different customs, have different economies and faiths and aims. In common they have little but their poverty, ignorance, and belief that the end of colonialism will bring an end to all their troubles, from taxes and unemployment to wild pigs rooting in the sweet potatoes. Kenya has the added complication of a large Asian community (about 250,000) controlling most of the retail trade and a small white minority (about 65,000) operating most of the skilled services and owning land from which four-fifths of Kenya's exports are derived. The first task of the new rulers must be to create the country they are taking over.

This, they believe, can't be done under a system of democracy by which political parties, contending for power, play up and keep alive these fears and enmities, often attaching party labels to tribal loyalties. It can be done only by creating a powerful, monolithic party with leaders commanding absolute loyalty. (Every day Ghana's school-children were, at one time, taught to repeat in unison: "Osagyefo Nkrumah can do no wrong.") Therefore there must be an end to that Western-type democracy so dear to the departing colonialists, and a start to "African socialism" and the single-party state.

Centralization Favored

In a general election held last April, KANU gained a sweeping victory—over a million votes against KADU's 600,000. Since then, KANU's support has grown everywhere except in those areas occupied by tribes whose fear of the dominant Kikuyu and Luo has deepened, and who foresee political extinction if—or rather when—their constitutional safeguards go overboard. These safeguards split Kenya into seven Regions, each with its Assembly, budget, civil service and quasi-independent powers. No one outside KADU liked this top-heavy set-up, but KANU's leaders signed in order to hold the election, and then dragged their feet in delegating funds and functions to the embryonic Regions. Now they've come out into the open about virtually abolishing all regional powers and entering independence under a strong, central KANU government.

Angry telegrams dispatched from London by KADU's leaders have stirred the hornet's nest of tribalism. There's talk of violence, resistance, even civil war. Mr. Kenyatta says these are bombast; KANU controls the armed forces and these will stay loyal. And there'll certainly be no hesitation about using them, if Masai and Nandi spears are pulled from their hiding-places in the thatch and pangas are dug up from the floors of mud huts.

So, in Kenya, as independence approaches, tension mounts. In a statesmanlike speech before he left for London Mr. Kenyatta assured the white farmers that his government wanted them to stay and "farm, and farm well." Probably about one quarter have either left already or made firm plans to do so, either because they have been bought out by the government in order to subdivide their farms, amounting to about a million acres, and redistribute them to land-hungry peasants, or because they see no future for white landowners in an all-black state. However socially desirable and politically inevitable all this may be, to split up highly capitalized and efficiently run units into peasant holdings—to retreat from combine-harvester to hand-hoe—cannot spell economic progress. Where the money to pay for the expensive social and other services the African government is hellbent on providing is, is anyone's guess. No doubt British, American and now West German taxpayers will soon learn the answer, if they don't know it already.

One of the expenses the KANU government must take over from the departing British on December 12 will be the cost of the military forces, running at well over $15 million a year and rising steeply. Kenya is inheriting a real packet of trouble in the shape of the Somali threat to secede. The Somalis, who occupy a large slice of barren, worthless desert sparsely inhabited by nomadic camel-owners, have never considered themselves to be Africans and are united in an almost fanatical resolve never to be governed by the Africans they despise. They intend to unite with their brethren of Somalia, whose

(Continued on p. 457)

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Letters from London

Lord Home Got the Job

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

From his hospital bed Mr. Macmillan, the old wizard, worked his last and toughest political trick. His timing was superb. He had no choice but to announce his illness and his retirement when he did. The leadership question, preoccupying the party conference, was immediately and fully aired; after which, "the customary processes of consultation," more sensitive perhaps than the blunt instrument of a vote, churned away underground. Mr. Macmillan allowed those processes to continue just long enough. Then, having understood their message, he made up his mind, tendered his advice to the Queen—and Lord Home was walking through the door of Number Ten Downing Street, before the opposing factions could recover their breath.

The opponents were right over one thing: the leadership question involved not only bitter feelings about personalities but a deep and genuine disagreement about the proper shape of the Conservative Party. The howls and squeals of rage which Lord Home's appointment has caused show the nature of this disagreement very clearly. They come from the "new" or "progressive" Conservatives. They are echoed by the whole pack of leftists, Liberals, satirists, fellow travelers and fashionable commentators.

"The dislike of the unworthy," as Kai Lung said, "is more to be prized than an illuminated manuscript."

Lord Home was, in my view, the right choice for reasons both negative and positive. The negative reason, which must have become clear to Mr. Macmillan, was that none of the other candidates would do. Mr. Butler, an architect of the welfare state and of the African chaos, was irreconcilably opposed by the right wing of the party: and the rank-and-file thought him dull. Lord Hailsham pleased the rank-and-file but appalled the more sophisticated; his bid for power was too blatant, his temper too uncertain. Mr. Maudling was too young; which wouldn't have mattered if he'd been inspiring—but he isn't. By contrast, everybody liked Lord Home, even the left wing until they realized, too late, that he was a serious candidate for the throne.

The positive reason for welcoming his appointment is that I believe he will be good at the job. Consider the charges which are leveled against him. They add up, in my opinion, to a glittering series of qualifications.

Minus or Plus?

Mr. Grimond, the Liberal leader, complains that Lord Home's chief qualification was that he didn't want the job. Mr. Grimond thinks that funny. I think it the simple statement of a profound truth. *Nolo episcopari* remains a good principle: Cincinnatus ought to be dragged from the plough.

He is, say the advocates of Anglo-Soviet friendship, far too anti-Communist. I have every hope that this is true. I remember him, as Commonwealth Secretary, magnificently urging the need for strong defensive alliances in Southeast Asia. During the Cuban crisis, he lashed the Soviet record and uncompromisingly supported America. Though he will try to make practical advances from the test-ban treaty, he will not be disposed to trust unsubstantiated Soviet promises.

He has shown, say the one-worlders with an even deeper frown, almost open disbelief in the United Nations. So he has. Hooray!

He is not, lament the left-wing Tories, built in the modern Kennedy image. He is an anachronism, say the Liberals. He is an Earl, cry the Socialists.

It is true, of course, that Home stands for an older tradition, for that image of the Conservative Party which its progressive members most wish to destroy. The triumph of "the reactionary wing" means, in their view, electoral disaster. Are their forebodings justified? That remains to be seen, but I wouldn't bet on it.

In choosing a new leader, the Tories faced a triple need. He has to be Prime Minister, he has to fight a General Election, and, if the worst comes to the worst, he will have to lead the party in opposition. He will be mainly challenged in all these functions by Harold Wilson, with whom he must compete in the public eye. But competition takes several forms. Lord Home's most powerful asset lies in just those qualities which his enemies deplore. He is, in every way, a direct contrast with Harold Wilson.

Mr. Wilson, said Nigel Birch (an opponent of Mr. Macmillan but a supporter of Lord Home), is "a busy little man on the make." The fourteenth Earl of Home is not on the make. He may be busy in fact but doesn't like to seem so; he went butterfly-hunting the day war was declared. Mr. Wilson is always in clamorous earnest: Home has a fine dry sense of humor. ("You've done the impossible," he told a surgeon who operated on his spine. "You've put backbone into a politician.") Mr. Wilson at the Labor Party Conference unfolded his own vision of Britain's future; a future swarming with technologists and socialist planners, with five new Ministries all knowing best, and with no freedom for anyone (except officials) to be unequal. Lord Home, in a clipped, unemotional statement during his first afternoon as Prime Minister, offered no stunts but merely good non-esoteric government: and, by visible implication, the standards of a gentleman. The contrast is quite painfully sharp. No one, not even his supporters, can wholly trust Mr. Wilson: no one, not even his enemies, can personally distrust Lord Home.

I am content to let the British electors see, and decide between, on the one hand Harold Wilson, the "busy little man on the make," and on the other Alexander Frederick Douglas-Home, fourteenth Earl and Knight of the Thistle. Perhaps we—the Conservative Party—will lose: but, if we do, at least we shall go down with a captain we can respect and the right colors nailed to the masthead.

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But He Won't Keep It Long

AUBERON WAUGH

Readers of Anthony Lejeune's piece may be left with the impression that there is some hope of a Conservative victory in the next election. I fear it is too late for that. In England, for some reason, it is always thought that an admission of possible electoral failure hastens the defeat. We may be sure that the Conservative candidates will stand by the polling booths with droll smiles on their faces assuring everybody who arrives that their success is certain. I must now state as axiomatic what is abundantly clear to most Englishmen, and to everybody outside England, that nothing short of a direct Act of God will save the Conservatives at the next election. Having said that, I should add that if I were God—a presumption quite common among political commentators and writers in general—I should be most reluctant to intervene.

When the country elected a Conservative Government in October 1951, and again in 1955, and again in 1959, it was expressing a preference for one code of beliefs and method of government against another. The extent to which it has been betrayed by that government would be inconceivable to anyone who did not realize how profoundly unpolitical the great mass of the English electorate is, and how slow to form opinions of any sort.

Radical conservatism has always been suspect in England. Among elder, worthier Party functionaries, the word "radical" has unpleasant, leftish associations. Among more responsible members of the government it suggests a threat to the feckless complacency and sheer sloth which are the characteristics of their political thinking. We are left, then, with a belief that the English electorate will always prefer a gradual drift into socialism to the drastic plunge which the Labor Party envisages, and a sincerely held belief that most of socialism, short of public ownership, is morally right.

That this path will eventually lead to pure socialism is evident to anyone who can count the number of fingers on one hand. The only point in dispute is whether this state of pure socialism will be ruled over by a government calling itself Conservative or one calling itself Labor, and to me the choice is an academic one. Each time a Labor Government comes in, it will enact more socialist measures, and the Conservatives succeeding it will only rescind a few of them, and will propose none that might reasonably be called conservative, and so the march towards socialism might seem relentless.

All that conservatives have been led to hope for in a Conservative Government is that it should act as a gentle brake on this Juggernaut. But recently, no doubt impatient with being so long in office, the Conservative Party has itself started enacting socialist measures.

Socialist Measures

It has imposed a Capital Gains Tax. The money it brings in is illusory, the cost of levying it enormous, and the only possible justification for its creation is that a later, socialist government will be able to raise it considerably, thereby frightening off all risk capital and ensuring that our industry comes to a protracted and noisy halt.

The only remotely conservative or moral actions it has undertaken in thirteen years have been the repeal of the Rent Act and the Suez venture. The former was forced upon the Tories much against their will. If they had not done it, an extremely large part of the English working class would by now have been living in slums. But they are nevertheless terrified to have done it. Suez was a splendid gesture, stymied only by the incompetence and lack of foresight shown by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Macmillan. How can this be compared with the cowardice shown in their handling of the Trade Union movement, and over Goa, where we had a plain obligation to defend Portugal against her invaders?

One of the cornerstones of Conservative Party philosophy is that it does not matter which way things go so long as the upper classes are still at the helm. Without a capitalist system, there can be no upper class in the sense that these good people mean it. It is no good being prepared to throw Jewish millionaires to the dogs and other common people who have made a lot of money since the war, and hoping that Squire Weston will survive. He won't. But when a Conservative Government starts enacting socialist measures, the time has clearly come to call a halt.

In England we are used to a system whereby there are two parties, Labor, whose inspiration is entirely Marxist, and the liberal party, which whimsically calls itself Conservative. To confuse foreigners, there is a third party for eccentrics, simpletons and exhibitionists which is called the Liberal Party. The Right is occasionally represented by mutterings in the House of Lords, but for the most part its wholesome emotions are sublimated, supporting the Conservative Party in the fight to keep Labor out. That there is a considerable body of conservative opinion, totally unrepresented, in the Conservative Party must be accepted as an article of faith.

A Labor victory, particularly under its new left-wing leader, will be followed by disasters unparalleled in history and would, under normal circumstances, bring about a quick return to the ineffectual Conservatives. Under new leadership, no matter who leads them to their impending defeat, the memory left of Conservatism will be of a drab period of monotonous, leftish drift.

But during a period in Opposition, when the idiocies of socialism are exposed and reduced to their respective absurdities, Conservatism will emerge as a different creed, and radical conservatism, with luck, as a separate party.

With the radical influence, the new government might not only undo the damage done by the socialists, but might even take steps to prevent their doing it again and enact some sound, conservative measures in the process. I think it is our only hope.

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In Memoriam

Dolph Menjou

MORRIE RYSKIND

I'll never really believe that the human dynamo christened Adolphe Menjou has actually departed stage center. When the phone rings, I'm almost certain it's Dolph, ready to break into an outburst at the latest damfool action of some silly politico, Republican or Democrat.

The newspaper biographies told of the fabulous career that began as little more than an extra in the silent movies; of his first important break in Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris*; and of that sparkling performance as the editor in *The Front Page*, which lifted him from coffee-and-rolls and sent him orbiting into stardom and into the astronomical salary brackets. In any record of the Hollywood era between the early '20s and the late '50s, his name will always loom large.

My memories are of Dolph as himself and not the actor, even though our friendship began on the set of *Stage Door* some 25 years ago. I had written — more precisely, was writing—the movie script and managing to keep one slim day ahead of the shooting schedule of the director, Gregory La Cava, and Dolph was playing the man-about-town who was making passes at all the cuties in the cast, which included Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Lucille Ball, Eve Arden and Gail Patrick. . . . Not an unendurable assignment, come to think of it.

Greg, Dolph and I used to lunch together at the RKO commissary, and we'd play Indian dice to see who'd pick up the tab. We stuck Dolph for two weeks running, and he made the air blue with his moaning. The following Monday, as we broke for lunch, Greg called for the dice. He rolled first and I followed. We waited for Dolph, but he grinned and said, "I pass. I don't say you boys are crooked, but my thrifty French blood rebels at all this." And with that, he pulled out his lunch box.

The Commies had begun their penetration of the film industry, and, though we didn't realize just what was happening, we all smelled something going on in the various guilds —and didn't like what we smelled. When the boys became bolder and more open, Dolph and I joined the Motion Picture Alliance, a group of right-wingers so extreme they didn't want the films taken over by the Reds. Promptly, the underground spread the story that the MPA was an anti-Semitic, anti-labor group secretly pledged to Hitler. The syllogism was simple: Hitler was anti-Commie; we were anti-Commie; ergo . . . and QED.

The fact that we had almost every union leader in the industry and a fair proportion of Jews as members didn't matter. As Elmer Rice, who made a careful study of the situation by interviewing some Liberals, pointed out in the *Saturday Review*, there were labor leaders who betrayed the working class and Jews who betrayed their faith. And all of them, apparently, were in our ranks.

We were heavily financed—that is, every now and then a group of us chipped in to meet the deficit—so we embarked on a lecture series, engaging some prominent Hitlerites to spell out the Communist tactics, such as Wm. Henry Chamberlin, Gene Lyons and Sidney Hook.

Behind the Screen Image

I'll never forget Sidney's astonishment when he first met Dolph. "What do you know?" he told me excitedly. "I thought he was just an actor and a fashion-plate, but he speaks six languages and has read everything Marx, Lenin and Trotsky ever wrote and can quote some of the important passages verbatim. He even knew who *I* was. What goes on around here, anyhow?"

In 1947, shortly before a group of us were scheduled to appear at the hearings of the Hollywood Ten, some attorneys for the industry sort of hinted they'd appreciate it if we didn't bite too hard on the hand that was feeding us. We replied that when we testified in Washington, we'd be under oath not to hold back on what we'd seen the Kremlinites attempt in the various guilds and unions. . . . Whereupon, one of the lawyers snapped back that the industry knew how to take care of itself and would prove it to us.

As we left, Dolph turned to Jim McGuinness and me and said, "Boys, that was a definite threat to cut our throats. Let's start looking at the want ads."

It was probably sheer coincidence, but, when Jim returned from Washington and reported back to Metro, he found, after some fifteen years, that he'd suddenly been demoted and that his office had been given to a Liberal who testified at the same hearings that he saw no difference between hiring a Communist and a Republican or Democrat, since the Commies were a legal party. And Dolph, equally strange to say, couldn't land a movie role for about a year and a half after his testimony. It was curious indeed, but the studios that used to offer their eyeteeth—Dolph's normal salary—to land him for a picture suddenly had no roles that would fit him.

"That settles it," Dolph would tell me in the morning. "I'll never open my fool trap again." But, by afternoon, he was calling me to go with him that night to some meeting where he had promised to make an anti-Red speech.

One day the blacklist strangely vanished and Dolph got a part at a studio where his name was mud. He couldn't figure it out, but a month afterward came to me grinning and displayed a copy of an inter-office memo—never mind where he got it —that Explained All: it said, in so many words, that since Mr. X (whose affiliations were pinkish) had a big role, it might be smart to cast Menjou in the film to ward off public criticism.

But, blacklist or no, Dolph spoke out to the last. Even during his final illness, his reading remained prodigious and he kept up a steady stream of correspondence with political leaders. For, above all, he loved his country.

I hope they don't put RIP over his stone, for Dolph's bones will never rest while the threat of Communism hangs over us.

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Poetry and Such

Hommage à Monsieur Jean

HUGH KENNER

Cocteau was the Inventor. No one else in our time of great *executors* invented so much. Against our art of the lap dissolve and the transposed key, restating in a new idiom (with vandals at the gates) old mastery that wants conserving, stood his startling fiats of the imagination: the motorcycling Eumenides, the Oracle in numbers, the fell surgeon Death in gown and rubber gloves.

Kenner

Images that seemed at first glance transient whimsies, excogitated to scandalize the provinces' million grocers, cling to the memory with eerie authority, effortlessly new-made. "*J'eus une main de gloire,*" ran a late self-inspection, "*et la main était fée.*" The rhyme-word, fittingly, is Orphée; his hand was fey indeed, but fey under the sign of Orpheus; those eleven words were for once reflexively faithful to his own quality, more so than his countless epigrams, beloved of magpie journalists, about the obligation to shock.

For decades the eye of the press, intermittently scanning his presence, allowed us to hear gossip of *l'enfant terrible* and little else; for not even Orpheus can slip past the iron shears at the City Desk. There is scarcely a better instance of the incapacity of the press to inform. The press would pretend that it was tailoring its coverage to the capacities of the multitude. But it was a movie-going multitude, and American at that, whose tireless fascination with sheer invention carried Cocteau's 1930 film, *Le Sang d'un Poète,* to the longest run in cinematic history (more than ten years!).

Film was but one of the provinces he occupied. Its import, fortunately, is international, and no one who has seen them has forgotten, for instance, the Beast's banqueting hall in *La Belle et la Bête,* with its hundred torches borne by living arms, or Beauty's slow-motion flight down the enchanted corridor, her stride impeded and her gown sustained as though by submarine forces, while weary curtains lift and let fall their volumes at the slow behest of a violent dream-wind.

For the rest, his achievement has stayed immured within the French language. He worked, with a transparent vocabulary, so near the nerve of the French declarative sentence as to defy the translator; the sense comes over with ease, the grace, as of a sudden wind, stays behind. There is no English for what is carried on the voice of the gleeful demonic girl revealing herself to Oedipus: "Moi! Moi! Le Sphinx!"

And paradoxically, this untranslatable writer was unique among modern poets in having had one miracle of translation worked in his behalf. Alan Neame's version of the *Léone* (a poem of which it may be briefly said that it is the one effort of the imagination adequate to its hidden theme, the fall of France) is itself a feat to compare with Urquhart's Rabelais or Pound's *Seafarer.* There are probably not twenty copies in the United States, which is said to contain 180,000,000 people.

No one will suppose that the accumulation of a heavy *oeuvre* in many uniform volumes would suitably embellish Cocteau's memory. He managed his career in Ariel's fashion. He scattered himself for fifty years. He had not even a regular publisher. Bits lodge in countless memories round the world, luminous particles gone down into crevices, there to foster, according to the ways of the imagination, obscure germinations. He was a force, not an accumulation; a mischievous oracle, certainly not a Sage.

He was a clean wind, moving; a figure that materialized, weightless, just when and where it was needed, to dematerialize some gravid nuisance. He put his spell on cinema just when the talking film had metamorphosed Keaton's medium into a deadness; or on the stage, when the stage had run to talk, talk; or on the imperishable Alexandrine itself, that heritage which Charles Baudelaire had refashioned in black dreams and Victor Hugo in cast iron.

History, which is written for people who do not care, always does such careers little justice. The force which moves, visible only in its transit through random beams of light, is deemed not to be serious. Cocteau, never frivolous, felt no compulsion to be serious in that way. He manifested himself to Ezra Pound in Paris playing the drums in a nightclub: not, Pound recalled forty years later, "with African fervor," but "as if it were a difficult mathematical problem." It would have been on a contiguous occasion that he said, looking round the French literary scene, that he had supposed himself to be among men of letters, but discovered them to be shop assistants and garage mechanics.

The Pound Era sweeps to its close; with Pound and Eliot retired and Cocteau gone to join the dead giants, Picasso and Stravinski alone remain of the astonishing generation that came to its majority in the long Edwardian twilight. It was a fellowship of the mind, international, interdisciplinary, that delighted to honor its members in equality. A request to St. Jean Cap Ferrat for a word from Cocteau, to grace a college magazine that proposed some pages in his honor, brought a few years ago a sheet inscribed by a single pencil stroke with a brooding negroid profile, recalling the ebony masks of an age ago (1910) in Apollinaire's apartment: this overlaid on an ink handwritten strophe from a "Poème Hommage à Igor Stravinski":

Sur un socle de marbre où signaient nos amours
Je sculpte en rêne Igor ton audible statue
Au milieu des poisons d'une jungle qui tue
Ceux qui n'entendent pas la langue des tambours.

(Continued on p. 457)

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Letter from Rabat

Reflections on the Barbary Coast

RUSSELL KIRK

In the unaccustomed and unexpected role of war correspondent, your servant has been wandering about North Africa these past few weeks. Although it would be pleasant to set down tales of derring-do, reporting on the fight along the frontiers (?) of Morocco is very like the sort of journalism described in Mr. Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*.

Kirk

Very few reporters have got so far, on the Algerian side, as Colomb-Bechar; in Morocco, most of the correspondents are to be found in the cafés of Marrakesh, three hundred miles out of mortar-range. A handful of hardy souls penetrated for a day or two to the skirmish at Hassi Beida—and, after hearing bullets whine, were hurried off again by uneasy Moroccans or Algerians.

There remains no doubt that the Algerians began the desert warfare, even though Ahmed Ben Bella is ill-prepared for a real struggle. The Moroccans have done no more than regain two little oasis-outposts that the Algerians had overrun; and the Algerians have taken, and continue to hold, another post, further north, that is within Moroccan territory on any map. The restraint of King Hassan II is almost astounding. His army is better equipped than that of Ben Bella; there is no immediate internal threat to his regime, unlike the situation of the Algerian dictator, with the Kabyles still restive at his rear; and the Moroccan economy could support a major campaign far better than could the socialist-ruined Algerian economy.

Why, then, does Hassan continue to talk gently of conciliation, and to apologize for being a monarch, when his forces are the stronger and his cause is the more just? Certainly Morocco desires to secure that debatable desert in her extreme southeast, thought to be rich in oil and gas. A determined thrust might secure that territory in a fortnight; for that matter, the Algerian base and rail-junction of Colomb-Bechar is vulnerable to any organized Moroccan flanking movement. Ben Bella's principal and most vociferous supporter, Nasser, is far distant, and afflicted by the Yemen ulcer: he could send little help to Algeria. (Nasser, by the way, now calls his thirty thousand hard-pressed soldiers in the Yemen a "Peace Force." The Egyptian expedition is, indeed, about as genuinely peace-loving as is the UN "Peace Force" in the Congo.)

Hassan II and 'World Opinion'

Well, the King of Morocco is said to fret about the attitude of the United Nations. The "Afro-Asian bloc," now virtually dominant in the General Assembly, may be expected to screech and demonstrate and pass resolutions and demand embargoes against Morocco—for presuming to defend her frontiers against the "progressive" and "democratic" totalitarian Ben Bella—unless Hassan II and his circle act with much humility and circumspection. The Arab League, with headquarters in Cairo, may be expected to declare against Morocco, if there is large-scale fighting; Ghana and Guinea and Mali and all that Soviet-leaning crew would rejoice at causing difficulties for a traditionalist regime in Morocco. So if the King strikes hard against Algeria, it will be only after more gentle protestation, more Algerian assaults on frontier stations, and more kowtowing to "world opinion"—that is, to the prejudice of a handful of "neutralist" politicians and journalists.

Whatever happens to deserts and frontier forts, a general war to the knife between Morocco and Algeria is almost unthinkable. Neither nation is rich enough for the undertaking. Ben Bella is trying to rouse insurrection against King Hassan, and the Moroccans have some hopes of the fall of the Ben Bella regime before the hostility of its numerous, if oddly assorted, Algerian opponents. But there will be no grand marches upon Rabat or Algiers. Neither country has much of an air force, either.

The feebleness of these contestants sufficiently suggests the inanity of the American State Department, and the American delegation to the United Nations, in forever fawning upon the "neutralist" or "uncommitted" bloc. The "neutral" nations are impoverished and feeble, no more real powers than Luxembourg, or San Marino. The "neutralists" have nothing in common but their weakness and their envy of the great powers. They form a bloc only because this gives them vainglory in the UN General Assembly.

Like Mrs. J. F. Kennedy, gentle reader, you still can travel with perfect safety and comfort in embattled Morocco (although I most certainly don't guarantee your security in Algeria). The fighting will not reach the fascinating old cities; there is no tightening of belts; there are almost no signs of troop movements. The police and the soldiery are models of civility—even cordiality—to the foreign visitor. The populace exhibits no fear at all of the Algerians. More than any other African state, perhaps, Morocco seems a free country. Periodicals of all political complexions are on the newsstands; there are no currency controls; one is safer far, by night, in the darkest lanes of the medieval towns of Fez, Meknes, Rabat, or Marrakesh than one would be in Chicago, Manhattan, or Los Angeles.

During my days in Marrakesh, thousands of Berber horsemen were encamped just outside the medieval walls, to ride fantastically and fire their long old guns in honor, successively, of Mrs. President Kennedy and of the Emperor Haile Selassie. They were fine, strong, jovial men, and they invited Thomas Molnar and me to watch their dances. In the new or revived states of Africa, wars will be won not so much by modern weapons as by the loyalty of such levies as these—or, in the phrase of Mr. Evelyn Waugh, "by lies, and the long spear."

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Scott Fitzgerald's America

JEFFREY HART

I wonder what would have happened to Scott Fitzgerald if T. S. Eliot had reviewed *The Great Gatsby* in print instead of in a private letter. Eliot's authority just might have spared him those years of neglect, when his books were out of print and his name forgotten. Even more important, a serious review by Eliot perhaps could have steadied him on his proper course as a writer between 1925, when *Gatsby* appeared, and 1934, when he published *Tender Is the Night*. Something went badly wrong during those nine years. This comes through clearly in his letters. Fitzgerald seems to lose his sense of who and how valuable he is, and becomes overly dependent upon various kinds of "advice." But Eliot's understanding of *Gatsby* was of a kind that really might have helped, something those essays by Edmund Wilson and others did not and, good as they often were, could not do.

The Great Gatsby, Eliot wrote to Fitzgerald in 1925, "has interested and excited me more than any new novel I have seen, either English or American, for a number of years. When I have time I should like to write to you more fully and tell you exactly why it seems to me such a remarkable book. In fact it seems to me to be the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James." Unfortunately, Eliot never did write more fully on these matters, but it is not difficult to guess at the nature of his interest and excitement.

The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, edited by Andrew Turnbull. Scribner's, $10.00

The point is that Eliot and Fitzgerald were both Midwesterners, and behind *The Wasteland* and *Gatsby* there lay a common experience, which they shared with Ernest Hemingway, who came from Oak Park, Illinois. They all had to face the void left by the final collapse of that Puritan *ethos* which, with its austere wooden churches and its doctrines of utility and uplift, had passed westward from New England during the nineteenth century, to decay and finally expire in St. Paul, St. Louis, Sauk Center and Gopher Prairie, long after it had died in Cambridge and Concord. It is this common underlying concern that explains the intense involvement of all three of these writers with Mark Twain, whom they regarded as something of a prophet. Nor is it any accident that Midwesterners — to these three we can add Ezra Pound and Hart Crane —were so prominent in the literature of the twenties. Because the foundations had collapsed so recently, they were able to give sharp focus to feelings that remained more amorphous elsewhere.

It is quite striking, too, that Fitzgerald, no doubt independently, discovered symbols and techniques rather like those Eliot had used in *The Wasteland.* Nick Carraway, the Tiresias of *Gatsby,* remembers an earlier innocence and stability, but finds himself describing a world from which God has withdrawn (as suggested by the unseeing eyes of the oculist's sign). The valley of ashes symbolizes sterility, and reminds us of the wasteland itself. Both works describe romantic love as incapable, finally, of overcoming the void, and both contain famous representations of sterile wealth, sterile sex, and social breakdown. And both employ various devices to achieve a peculiarly grotesque comedy. It is easy to see why Eliot thought *Gatsby* a remarkable book.

If one lives in a wasteland or a valley of ashes, however, what is one to do? How is the experience of emptiness to be overcome? The old Calvinism had provided significance of a sort. There had even been a touch of the heroic about it. The Puritan hatred of life is rooted in the desire to deny death, to transcend mortality. Nevertheless, Puritanism had collapsed into its own omissions.

Fitzgerald and Eliot exemplify quite different answers. Fitzgerald sought to overcome emptiness through intensity of experience—aesthetic, alcoholic, emotional — and to survive the inevitable intervals with courage. This is why adolescence was so important to him: it is then that one feels things with a special directness and intensity. Fitzgerald's answer is far from a contemptible one, if carried out, as in his case, with grace and distinction. Eliot, on the other hand, tried to get back behind Puritanism, which was obviously a heresy, to the traditional sources of the West. But having said this, there are moments when Fitzgerald does not seem so far from Eliot after all. There is a remarkable passage in a letter he wrote in 1925, which, without pressing too hard, we might think of in comparison with the opening movement of the *Four Quartets*:

> America's greatest promise is that something is going to happen, and after a while you get tired of waiting because nothing happens to people except that they grow old . . . because America is the story of the moon that never rose. Nor does the "minute itself" ever come to life either, the minute not of unrest and hope but of a glowing peace—such as when the moon rose that night on Gerald and Sara's garden and you said you were happy to be there.

If Fitzgerald sought to overcome emptiness through intensity of experience, he also faced the limitations of his answer. It is commonplace to observe that he was both a romantic

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and a critic of romanticism, both Gatsby and Carraway. Still, it is impressive to hear him say, in retrospect, that his generation "never found anything to take the place of the old virtues of work and courage and the old graces of courtesy and politeness." Some of his ancestors, one remembers, were from the South.

Around the edges of his intensity, moreover, there grew a great tenderness and responsibility that is all but overwhelming in his letters to his daughter, who was growing up during the thirties, and in certain of his letters to his wife Zelda, after she went mad. "You are the finest, loveliest, tenderest, most beautiful person I have ever known," he wrote to Zelda in 1939, "but even that is an understatement because the length you went to there at the end would have tried anybody beyond endurance." He was even capable of wry jokes with her: "I wish you read books (you know, those things that look like blocks but come apart on one side)."

The most moving letters, however, are those to his daughter. "I feel very strongly about you doing your duty," he wrote to her in a characteristic vein, when she was twelve. "Worry about courage. Worry about cleanliness . . . Don't worry about popular opinion. Don't worry about dolls . . ." Later on, he himself worries a great deal about what the twentieth century has in store for her generation: "You've been as lucky as anybody could be in your generation to have had a two months' look at Europe just before the end and to have gotten in two years of college in times of peace before such matters are drowned in the roar of the Stuka bombers. And you have seen the men's colleges as they may not be again in our time, with the games and the proms . . . the world that I knew and that you have had eighteen years of will never exist again in our time." The month before his death he wrote from Hollywood (where he was being revised by bumblers and paid like a hack):

> Dearest Scottina:
>
> Listening to the Harvard-Princeton game on the radio with the old songs reminds me of the past that I lived a quarter of a century ago and that you are living now. I picture you as there though I don't know whether you are or not.
>
> I remember once a long time ago I had a daughter who used to write me letters but now I don't know where she is or what she is doing, so I sit here listening to Puccini—"Someday she'll write (Pigliano edda ciano)." With dearest love,
>
> Daddy

But there are many voices in his letters besides those of sadness and regret. He was an acute critic of his own novels and those of his contemporaries. And it was impossible for him not to be witty. Even when he was almost broke, he could write to Scotty that he has just "paid Peck & Peck & Peck & Peck & Peck." In his halcyon days he thus invited Edmund Wilson to a party: "All is prepared for February 25. The stomach pumps are polished and set out in rows. . . ." He is shrewd about politics, maintaining his balance when most of his friends had lost theirs. Dos Passos, he writes to Edmund Wilson, "told me to my amazement that you had explained the fundamentals of Leninism, even Marxism, the night before. . . . I little thought when I left politics to you and your gang in 1920 you would devote your time to cutting up [Woodrow] Wilson's shroud into blinders. Back to Mallarmé." In 1940, when Scottie was encountering The Movement at Vassar, he warned her that Communists were not "people holding a certain set of liberal or conservative opinions" but rather the adherents of "an intensely dogmatic and almost mystical religion." Still, he does not quarrel with Wilson. He merely remarks, a bit sadly, that "it was fun when we all believed the same things."

In his letters, as in his novels, Fitzgerald was a superb stylist. He knew that "the thing you have to say and the way of saying it must blend as one matter—as indissolubly as if they were conceived together," though he also knew that perfecting such a style "is an awfully lonely business." What he had to express, and it was inseparable from the words and rhythms of his sentences, was an impulse to celebration. There is no suggestion about him of that anger and disgust that seem to have such prestige in our culture. He even has it in him to celebrate things for which a moralistic contempt is so frequently the fashion — debutantes and football heroes, for example. *This Side of Paradise*, I remember thinking, when I read it years ago as a freshman—*here* is the way to go to college! And Fitzgerald continually invites the reader to enjoy the beauties of our language, which he is glad to exhibit.

On Target

JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

Despite its size (32 pp.), this little book is a multi-megaton bomb. Sidney Hook has mounted a tight, five-pronged offensive which wholly obliterates the jungle of confusion and hysteria now suffocating the whole range of anti-Communist thought and action.

The Fail-Safe Fallacy, by Sidney Hook. Stein & Day, $1.50

The book is:

1) A devastating appraisal of the intellectual sclerosis and moral ambiguity of the American Establishment.

2) The total destruction (ostensibly the sole purpose of the book) of every serious pretension contained in the best seller, *Fail-Safe* by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler (which book assures us that accidental nuclear war is "inevitable"). Hook employs the norms of:

logic (the authors "compound a series of unrelated improbabilities to the point where they transcend the sober limits of scientific credibility. . . . On the assumption that one can assign probabilities to such a unique conjunction of events, whatever the probability is of any one of them going haywire, it must be multiplied by the relatively independent probability of all the others acting the same way simultaneously. This makes the probability extremely, if not vanishingly, small. Yet the authors assert that an accident of this type or kind is certain"),

fact ("one does not need to have any scientific knowledge to understand that the authors' contention that a go-ahead order [for an American nuclear strike] and coded mes-

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sage can be transmitted because of a condenser becoming defective is absurd. In fact, any failure in the communications system would automatically *prevent* the sending of such a message. . . . Consequently, in the improbable event that the *kind* of accident Burdick and Wheeler believe is certain to happen actually did occur, the bombers would turn back. . . . The existing United States defense control procedures show that far from being trigger-happy or indifferent to the possibility of accident, the Government has developed cautions against accident to a point where some persons speculate whether it would not be more justifiable to charge that too many safeguards have been introduced"),

and history ("history shows that one of the commonest forms of mistake or miscalculation whose fateful outcome may lead to war is to leave the enemy in doubt as to what one will do [Hook then gives the examples of World Wars I and II, the Korean War and Khrushchev's introduction of missiles into Cuba]. . . . Here lies the greatest danger of accidental war to which only political wisdom can be an effective antidote. Such wisdom can eventuate in effective disarmament provided we do not scare ourselves breathless by hysterical fear of inevitable accidental war and thereby increase the intransigence of the Communists").

3) A considered exemplification of, and judgment on, the grave dangers inherent in Liberal ritualism (*e.g.*, "In keeping with the general political tone of the book, American military men, with one exception, are pictured as calloused, habit-bound, innuman, and fanatical, just aching to go to war—in contrast to their Soviet opposite numbers. . . . The authors regard [civilian advisers to the military] as desiring that a thermonuclear war come to pass. By describing such men as money-hungry monsters, their entire intellectual activity in behalf of a free society is called into question. The sober truth is that there is less money in advising the U.S. Government or working for the Rand Corporation than in writing sensational, hysteria-mongering . . .").

4) The most concise short course in Communist political warfare, motivation, philosophy, psychology and history ever penned.

5) And finally, perhaps most important, an invaluable object lesson in common-cause anti-Communism—offering a real opportunity for conservatives to join honest, non-utopian and non-ritualistic Liberals (Hook has described himself as a "neo-Marxist" in economic and domestic affairs) who desire the neutralization and/or destruction of the Bolshevik enterprise.

Don't miss this one.

Degeneracy or Decadence?

SIR SHANE LESLIE

HERE ARE TWO volumes to add to the spate of literature concerning Wilde and Douglas. Every detail that the muckraker can provide or the microscope anatomize continues to fascinate readers and harass publishers. Wilde's bibliography exceeds any other of the Victorian era. Other nations reckon him the greatest of Englishmen after Darwin and Dickens. The problems of that scientist and that novelist are long settled but the moral question unsettled by Wilde has become an agonizing dilemma—should the homosexual be treated as an open criminal or as a secret invalid? Reaction from the crudity of Wilde's trials and the cruelty of his imprisonment led to humane views toward that unfortunate class until dramatic revelations show them as seedbed for higher forms of international spying.

Oscar Wilde: The Aftermath, by H. Montgomery Hyde. Farrar, $4.50

Bosie, by Rupert Croft Cooke. British Book Center, $10.00

That is what lies at the base of the present tumult and furious self-inquiry throughout England today. The English ask: "To what extent are we a homosexual society? Are we becoming degenerate, and what is the decadence which we attribute freely to others but generally conceal at home?"

Decadence is signaled by the moral perversion which the Lydians from

DON'T

↓

RUMBLES LEFT & RIGHT
BY WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

↑

MISS

Liberals, or anyone else, will be making a mistake if they refuse to read his newest book. It is by turns stimulating, outrageous, provocative, perceptive, polemic, wise, ridiculous, visceral, intellectual, forthright, devious, sententious and wildly funny. If you think that list of adjectives is overdone, read and judge for yourself.

Worcester Telegram

5TH PRINTING
G. P. PUTNAM'S

$4.95

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Asia first taught to Hellas and which later the burly Romans learnt from the exquisite Greeks. So much for Ancient History. The Church attributed the decline and fall of both civilizations to this vice. With the Renaissance it reappeared and we find St. Philip Neri fighting it in Rome as a canonical sin. Ever since, it has been whispered amongst artists until it exploded in the Wilde trials.

Oscar Wilde: *his biography is "like skimming the broth of Hell."*

Since Wilde's name has become its symbol to all nations, the least detail becomes printworthy. Montgomery Hyde devotes a volume to his warders and prisons and the ghastly aftermath. Croft Cooke compiles a final and profuse life of Lord Alfred Douglas, which makes of him a fascinating but impulsively idiotic hero.

Bosie's biography is a posthumous Boswell based on a fair defense of the homosexual but it is not impartial towards his friends and enemies. Bosie's enemies all seem over-bad and any friends pass for pretty good. He was of course his own enemy and cast away gifts that only the Greek gods could have collected for him—noble birth when it counted in England; schooling at Winchester; boyish beauty and athletic running power; Oxford as left by Newman and Jowett and still an academy for gentlemen, inspiring lost causes and winning manners—before Rhodes' imperialism and Morris' cars castrated the University's soul. Wilde and Douglas wrecked each other's lives utterly. They remain the only modern couple whom Dante would have placed in his *Inferno.* True that each escaped narrowly into the Roman Church so they may find each other yet in the *Purgatorio.*

The query arises today between decadence and degeneracy. Degeneracy is a physical, vulgar undermining of a people's health and morale. Decadence is like an evil spirit poisoning art, poetry and philosophy. It is not decadence that England now is suffering, for the old virtues and prides are bubbling fiercely through the smears of present politics. Degeneracy is different and shows itself in waves of brutal crime, unbelieved layers of national prostitution, collapsing ideals, emptied churches and tricky scrambling by every class for money as its own reward. But the decadence associated with Sodom and Gomorrah is not overpowering the land. Both Mrs. Grundy and Lady Chatterley, much as they detest each other, remain true British Dames.

Before the wars European nations were wishing decadence on each other believing degeneracy and conquest would follow. Hence the huge echo the Wilde scandal made over the Continent. Germany hoped England was degenerating and that France was in her decadence. She hoped wrong. No doubt the Soviets watch eagerly for any signs of decay in the West. Hence the vogue for reading Wilde in Russia. The type of books we are reviewing will be welcome not only to disciples of the decadent but to seekers of the deterrents. Read, shudder, lament and pass on.

It is hard to decide which tempted the other most to ruin, Wilde or Douglas. The great Tempter himself seems to have left them to destroy each other. All biography of them is like skimming the broth of Hell.

Theater

Osborne's 'Luther' Scaled Up

EMILIE GRIFFIN

Ours is not a pious age. Yet curiously enough, the modern theater boasts a whole canon of saints, and a full liturgy of plays about them. Each season seems to bring a new saint, a new religious hero: *Gideon, Becket, J. B., A Man for All Seasons.*

This fall, though, the religious hero is a saint of another color. For the play is John Osborne's *Luther,* as Tony Richardson and Albert Finney have realized it in the theater. A deathly pale youth, in his monkish black, or an aging Protestant with golden hair flowing to his starched white surplice, this Luther has the power to spellbind, to fascinate and to attract.

Much of this power must be traced to Albert Finney. Around the fact of Luther's constipation, which Osborne makes pivotal to the play, Finney has fleshed out a character of Shakespearean size. Under Tony Richardson's sure direction, Finney transfigures Luther. His hunched, prowling movements and hoarse, constricted voice transmit a deep discomfort both of bowels and spirit. Osborne's play creates — with full historical foundation—a Luther riddled by diseases as well as by doubts. But Finney and Richardson, out of the bounty of their own insights and experience, provide for the character what Osborne withholds from him: a living soul.

Not content to burden his hero with troubled bowels, Osborne endows him with a nervous stomach as well. After his first Mass, poor Martin vomits. By this bit of action, Osborne makes Christ Himself, rather than his abuse-ridden Church, what Martin cannot swallow. Elsewhere, Osborne gives evidence—in a single electric scene—of the corruption of the medieval Church. Yet, beyond this, he never justifies Luther's ways to men. Martin seems less averse to corruption than to Christianity. What he cannot digest is humility, meekness, love. Martin bridles not so much at the selling of indulgences as at the forgiveness of sins; not at the corruption of monasteries, but at the very notion of a monastic life. He does not assail superstitions about the Mass but finds that what he cannot stomach is the Mass itself: Christ's very Body and Blood. In short, Osborne's Luther is no reformer, but a man who balks at being a Christian. Proud, scrupulous, and with an overstimulated conscience, his cry is Lucifer's: "I will not serve."

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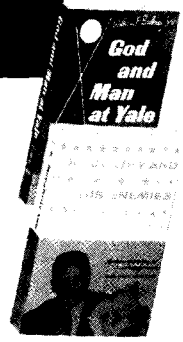

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Such a characterization would seem to pair Luther with Lucifer. In reality, however, Osborne has drawn his character to a much smaller scale —smaller, one suspects, than life. In Act Two, Cajetan, the urbane Italian cardinal, states this Luther's dimensions somewhat more precisely. Luther, he says, is an "animal trapped to the bone with doubt." What sort of doubt? Not, assuredly, the scholarly, reasoned doubt one might expect from the world's first Protestant. Osborne shows Luther as a man who doubts at every turn: without even that favorite trait of modern heroes, an inviolable conscience.

"Here I stand," said Luther, "I can do no more." So too spoke the saints, spoke Joan, spoke Thomas More. Such rigid certainty leaves moderns aghast. Some call it fanaticism; others, delusion. Osborne explains it as a sort of superb misfithood, brought on by stubborn bowels and a false vocation. A great man, a great rebel, Osborne suggests, is a great many childhood complexes rolled up in one. Luther was a rebel because he could not be a monk because he could not . . . back, back, back into the womb we go. But while the author plucks at the psychic threads of his central character, one whole man does not emerge. It remains for actor and director to complete the work of creation.

Finney does his part by turning Luther's infirmities to his own advantage. In his portrayal, Luther's constipation assumes the tragic grandeur of Gloucester's hunched back or Lear's old age. Where Osborne drew a character imprisoned by bodily ills, Finney projects a man whose spiritual anguish is symbolized by bodily travail. Far from being a mere animal cornered by doubt, Finney's Luther stands a little lower than the angels. His besetting temptation, too, is angelic: that of spiritual pride. The result is breathtaking.

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A. *"Surrender," said over 25% of the students at 12 representative American colleges (at four of them, almost 50% said "Surrender").*

Q. Was that answer the most shocking in the survey?

A. *No, it was just one of many (there were some encouraging ones, too).*

Q. Who conducted the survey and where?

A. *It was conducted by The Educational Reviewer, Inc., at Sarah Lawrence, Williams, Yale, Marquette, Boston University, Indiana, South Carolina, Howard, Reed, Davidson, Brandeis, Stanford. There were 82 questions in all: on religion, politics, economics, sex, pacifism . . . and much more.*

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Finney's Luther is a creature of heroic proportions: a son of Adam and a son of God.

Richardson goes still further to redeem this erring play. Faced with a series of pageant-like scenes, existing, without build, without climax, on a sort of dramatic continuum, Richardson rises to the occasion with rich resources. Around the monstrous crucifix that dominates his opening scenes, he endows the movements of black-swaddled monks with startling vigor and force. Strange to the modern ear, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* sets the heart pounding. Later in the play, Luther's own hymn, *A Mighty Fortress,* is hissed out to great theatrical advantage. Yet these strokes of directorial vigor cannot alter the plain fact that *Luther* contains a great deal of talk without much do.

The single appearance of Pope Leo the Tenth serves to illustrate this. To break the tedium of hearing a long letter from Luther read aloud to the Pope, Richardson hits upon a clever stratagem. As the letter drones on, drier than any sermon, the Pope does a sort of free-form dance with his crossbow, glides, pirouettes, aims, lowers, and glides again. Richardson, with this single bit of business, accomplishes more characterization than any line of

dialogue in the scene. What is more, he saves the playwright from a few well-deserved yawns. In scene after scene, Richardson compensates with bold staging for the monologues, speechifying, and disputation of his characters. He is equal to the challenge, it is clear. Yet how much better his gifts could be employed in a play that did not need such bolstering.

Some have been shocked by the so-called tastelessness of Osborne's many references to Luther's bowels, nausea, and fainting fits. What is more shocking is his failure to realize from them a character worth knowing and an insight worth having. Osborne has chosen a figure who risked all for the sake of his own

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Special Report:

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

PREFERRED BY THE POLICE OF 37 COUNTRIES AND THE BANDITS OF AT LEAST 1

DUE TO THE GROWING POPULARITY of the Land-Rover in the commission of grand theft, an interim report seems in order. Apparently our 4-wheel drive vehicle has latent virtues which may be of interest to the prospective owner.

It is not our intent here to point out raffish ways for one to pick up a great deal of extra money in one's spare time. Rather the opposite: to abet law and order by useful suggestion.

For instance: in two recent major crimes Land-Rovers were most helpful in hauling away £2,500,000 ($7,000,000) and £90,000 ($252,000), respectively. Now, although it is well-known that the police of the United Kingdom also employ Land-Rovers, *nowhere is it reported that they employed them on these occasions for hot pursuit of the brigands.* Perhaps that was their mistake.

NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

The first theft, widely if grudgingly admired for its sheer bulk of loot, was, of course, the Great Train Robbery which brought the title back to England.

This Olympics of knavery took place, you recall, at Cheddington, just five miles out of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, on August 8 last, a Thursday.

Nearly a week passed before any clues turned up. Then, on Tuesday, August 13, a Times of London article datelined Brill, Buckinghamshire, reported:

"A lonely farmhouse near here, twelve miles from Oxford, was the hideout for the mail train gang and their haul of £2,500,000 in bank notes. Mailbags in three abandoned vehicles—an Army type truck and two Land-Rovers—have been found but no money."

NOT LIKE DARTS

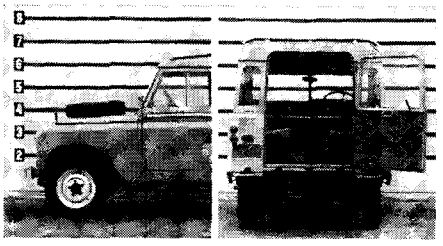
Dismissing the Army lorry, one surmises that the Land-Rovers were given the arduous getaway assignment not only for their rugged dependability, but for their capacious rear doors, as well.

Bank notes in excess of so many tend to be cumbersome. When you are trying to on-load literally bags and bags of the stuff you simply haven't got the time to aim nicely; it's not like darts.

No, robbing a train is a very near thing at best and one has got to have the tools to do the job.

FOUND BY MUSHROOMER

Paradoxically, another Land-Rover feature, its outstanding over-all height, caused the thieves to flee the farm, it is thought. According to The Times:



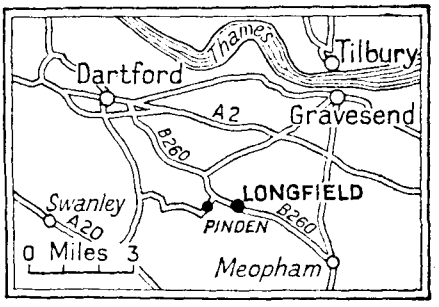
Left Profile Rear View

"On Sunday afternoon a local man went mushrooming near the farm and noticed the top of a Land-Rover sticking out of a dilapidated outhouse among the trees." This he duly reported.

The Times account continues: "Police believe that the gang fled in haste. In the garden, near a row of runner beans, was a partly dug hole about 3 ft. deep, a spade still standing in a mound of clay.

"Detective Superintendent Fewtrell, head of Buckinghamshire's C.I.D., surveyed the hole and commented: 'Presumably they intended burying the evidence. We know they got out before they intended... they must have got the wind up'."

Naturally we are pleased that, having been an accessory to the crime, the Land-Rover was also helpful in its solution.



LAND-ROVER STRIKES AGAIN

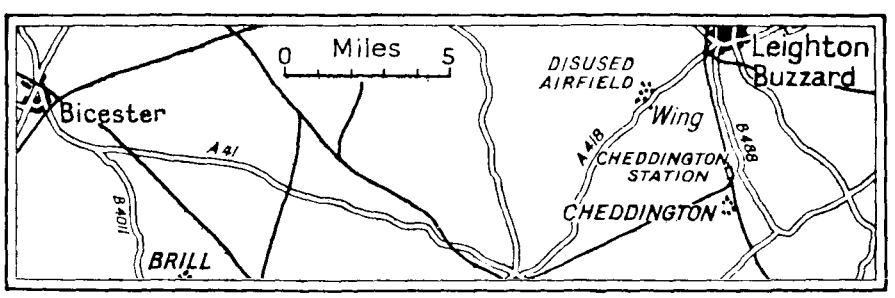
Though piddling by comparison, the latest Land-Rover effort—the Longfield, Kent, job of September 27—was respectable by county competition standards. It also illustrated an entirely different aspect of the Land-Rover's amazing versatility.

Under the headlines "£90,000 Stolen In Bank Van Ambush" and "Getaway By 8 Masked Men: Guard Felled By Cosh", The London Times describes how the armoured car was high jacked. The bandits lay in wait with their vehicles along a hedgelined road at the T-junction leading off to Horton Kirby and South Darenth. And then:

"A brick was hurled through the windscreen of the bank van, forcing the driver to stop. The bank van was hemmed in by the Land-Rover and the lorry." Whereupon the bandits leaped from the ambush vehicles armed with pick-axe handles, enveloped the bank van, carried the day, and drove off towards Horton Kirby.

To our knowledge this is the first time the Land-Rover has been used in the actual *commission* of a stick-up of this magnitude. While this dubious demonstration of its versatility would seem conclusive, one wonders: what would the

(cont. on next page)



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"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(cont. from previous page)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle *also* been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent, law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

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NEW OWNER OFTEN CLUELESS

More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers; this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope he's keeping it serviced.

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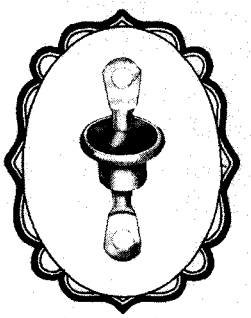
conviction, his own certainty, and has made of him a creature of supreme uncertainty. This twist may have been intended as witty and ironic. Instead, it bears a marked resemblance to subway poster scrawlings which add a moustache to a once familiar or once handsome countenance. Osborne's closing scene adds a final curlicue to the scrawled moustache. Luther croons to his own infant his view of Man: "A human being is a helpless little animal . . . created . . . by God."

Here stands John Osborne. Can he do no more?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IDIOTS FIRST, by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, $4.50). Eleven stories and a fragment of a play by a satirist as acid as they come. Mr. Malamud specializes in the ingrown mind, its ridiculous half-wisdom and its propensity to stumble splay-footed into pity and terror. "Idiots First" and "The Jewbird" are modern Jewish folktales with haunting resonances. "Still Life" and "Naked Nude," chapters, apparently, from a scrapped novel about an American painter in Rome, contain enough high jinks to drive away the severest melancholy, and yet, like all of Mr. Malamud's work, take their pratfalls in the very face of tragedy. Only a man who values the dignity of life could look at it so brutally warped by stupidity. But stupidity, these stories show, is life's condition itself, the ruins of what wisdom we can command in collision with the equally short wisdom of others. Mr. Malamud's "idiots" are only people, and they might do better if they thought instead of loved, planned a little instead of leaping headlong, or had recourse to some mode of behavior other than their automated sass. The disturbing thing is that they're all good people, even the worst, and the entire book pops with the slapping of faces and the cracking of heads. The art in which these transparent stories is cast is the time-perfected anecdotal genius of Jewish humor, as wildly exaggerated as it is laconic. Yiddish wit is the most articulate outrage we have had, except for Mark Twain's and Henry



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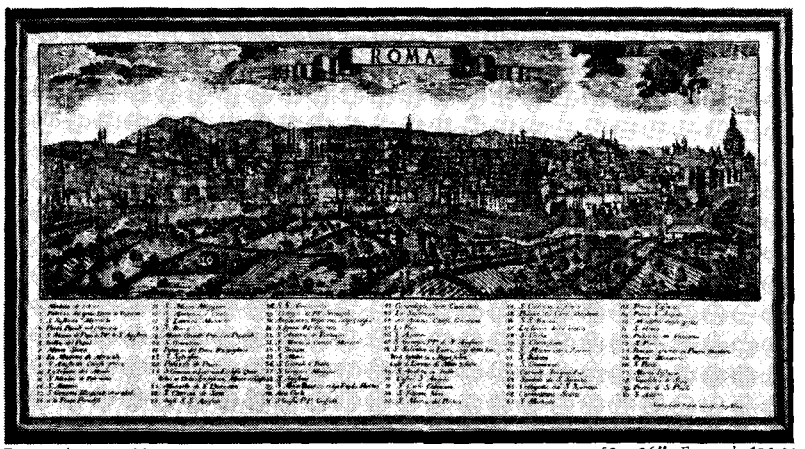

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G. DAVENPORT

PARIS ON THE SEINE, by Blake Ehrlich (Atheneum, $12.50). Mr. Ehrlich, an American journalist with long experience in Paris, apparently knows literally all there is to know about that lovely city. He has managed to cram most of it into this charming volume, which takes the form of a leisurely stroll down the Seine along the historic quais. Pausing here and there to admire a bridge, a square, or an old house, he casually tells us its whole story —which often stretches back across four or five bloodspattered, bejeweled, heroic centuries. A minor masterpiece, absolutely *de rigueur* for Parisophiles and strongly recommended to everyone else.

W. A. RUSHER

THE BLIGHT ON THE IVY, by Richard E. Gordon, M.D., and Katherine K. Gordon (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). "The 'happy college student' is a myth," say the Gordons. Just look at the facts of recent years: Among our college-level students suicide, pregnancy, and insanity have skyrocketed; more and more sub-24-year-old girls have contracted peptic ulcers. All this means that students are suffering unbelievable Stress. Stress derives from hobgoblins like academic handicaps, the Bomb, the pressure of getting into college, taking tests, lack of understanding—in short, the strain of getting an education. In the now familiar jargon of the sociologist the Gordons offer a series of allegedly typical, and undocumented, case histories showing the dismal condition of our college students. Hilda—the one who counsels others on their problems—winds up as the only undisturbed character, natch. The Gordons deplore those who believe that higher education is a privilege, not a national necessity. On the contrary, we have got to tend to our withering violets with ever more government fertilizer. Traditional solutions no longer suffice to deal with modern complexities — *that's* why students are so botched up. There are all sorts of myths.

R. D. MACKENZIE

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To the Editor

Challenge and Response

I could not help but meditate about a pair of statements made by Nathaniel Weyl in his review, "Latin America in Eruption" [Sept. 24]. Mr. Weyl writes:

1) "The Communist drive in Latin America is not the result of sluggish economic growth or social reform (which advanced impressively in the 1950s). It is primarily a conspiracy (organized in Moscow and Havana) of the university students, professionals and intellectuals, which thrives on the audacity of Castro and the gutlessness of an American foreign policy which refuses to reject insults, defend past actions, protest arbitrary confiscations or champion free enterprise."

2) "Strongly hostile to Communism and appalled by the misery of the Latin American scene, he [Milton Eisenhower] made the cardinal error of assuming the first was caused by the second."

From these passages I see three main ideas; 1) there was impressive economic growth and social reform during the 1950s; 2) the intellectuals, professionals, and university students are the backbone of the Communist threat in Latin America; 3) the Communists are the sole cause of the misery and trouble in Latin America.

How can it be said that there has been impressive economic growth and social reform over the last ten years, when today, according to the latest available information, illiteracy stands at 70 per cent, infant mortality at between 25 and 30 per cent, and 1 per cent of the population owns 71.6 per cent of the farmlands on which 55 per cent of the people depend for their livelihood? Furthermore, of the people who attend school, the average length of schooling is 1.9 years. And no more than 2 per cent of the population has ever attended school. In addition, the average life-span is about 44 years if that, which is probably the result of the fact that there are 3,520 people for every doctor.

After observing the poor conditions which are revealed by the above information, one must come to the conclusion that there are serious reform movements in Latin America today. These movements are led by people who are educated, because only these people realize the true plight of the populace. The educated are just those whom Mr. Weyl mentions, namely, the professionals, the intellectuals and the university students. Now, it's obvious that these three groups aren't Communist. They are upper middle class; it takes money to go to college, become an intellectual or join a profession. If they were Communist, all South America would be Communist because every aspect of governmental and social life is dominated by these groups. But South America is still free from Communism.

Finally, Mr. Weyl states that the trouble in Latin America is caused by the Communists. Even before the Communist doctrine was evolved in 1848 and in later years, there were many revolutions in South America. In fact, throughout the world there have been countless upheavals by people who have protested their low living and working standards. Does it seem mere coincidence to you that the areas with the highest living and working levels have the most stable governments and least number of Communists? Indeed, in South America, it is the appalling conditions which are breeding the disease of Communism. When we help South America to obtain for herself a better standard of living, then and only then will the Communist threat disappear.

Glencoe, Ill. RICHARD P. FRIED

Mr. Weyl replies:

Mr. Fried quotes from my review and then observes that "from these passages I see three main ideas." One of the ideas that he sees is that I believe "the Communists are the sole cause of the misery and trouble in Latin America." This is a wholly illogical and unwarranted inference from the quoted material. I have never said that the Communists are the sole cause of these ills, nor do I believe this to be so.

Second, Mr. Fried challenges my statement that economic growth and social reform "advanced impressively in the 1950s" with statistics that reveal that the area is still backward and impoverished. Obviously, whether or not an area is poverty-stricken by U.S. standards has nothing to do with whether it has been making progress. One is *position*, the other *trend*. Examples of economic progress during the period are the rise in total energy consumption from 71 million metric tons crude oil equivalent in 1951, to 122 million tons in 1958—a rise of 72 per cent. During 1948-58 in the leading countries (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Mexico and Venezuela), there was a

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rise of 75 per cent in passenger cars, of 80 per cent in trucks, of 86 per cent in radio sets, of 85 per cent in steel use, and of 42 per cent in cotton consumption. Social progress was revealed by a lengthening of the life-span by about ten years (here the statistics are by no means comprehensive) and massive increases in hospital beds and in the numbers of primary, secondary and university students as well as teachers.

As for Mr. Fried's "facts," his assertion that infant mortality is 25-30 per cent is simply a fabrication. Dr. Milton Eisenhower is closer to the mark when he puts it at 10 per cent. Fried also alleges that only 2 per cent of the Latin American population has ever attended school! This again is a complete falsehood. UNESCO statistics for circa 1958 show 26.6 million Latin Americans *in school at that time*—13.5 per cent of total population.

Mr. Fried wastes paper in proving that the majority of Latin intellectuals cannot be Communist since, if they were, their countries would be Red. Conceded. I asserted that the Communist movement in the area is "primarily a conspiracy" of these intellectual elements; I did not state that *most* intellectuals are members of the conspiracy.

Mr. Fried ends with the assertion that the most prosperous countries do not go Communist. On a global scale, this has been true up to the present. However, within Latin America, Cuba (which ranked second or third in real national income) was taken over by the Communists and Venezuela (which in pre-Betancourt days ranked first) is seriously threatened.

Mr. Fried's thinking is illustrative of the sort of mentality which is attracted by the Alliance for Progress. It is a landscape where Tannenbaums and Alexanders are kings. Marx once observed that the mediocrity of the English intellectual community in his time was measured by the altitude of its greatest minds.

Delray Beach, Fla. NATHANIEL WEYL

Russell on Mitford

According to facts released by the National Foundation of Funeral Service, some of Mr. Russell's opinions [Oct. 22] are, to say the very least, in error. For example, only 13.2 per cent out of 358,489 adult funerals last

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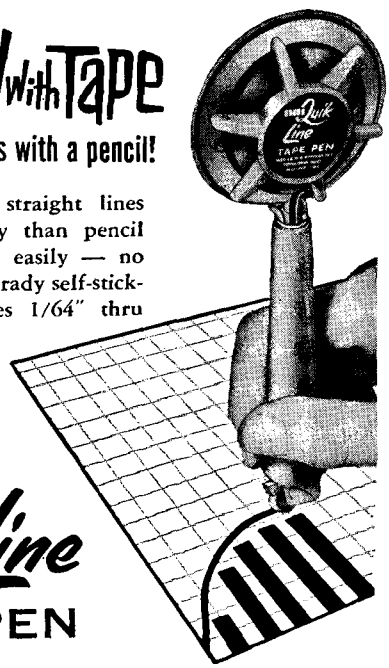

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Jessica
Mitford's mordant book a gardenia
Give the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW
a nasty
case of rabid schizophrenia?

New York, N. Y. CORINNA MARSH

The solution of this problem is so very simple — just let Washington bury all of us.

Glendale, Calif. ANNABELLE GORDON

NSA at Bloomington

Your bright Harvard Junior [Oct. 8] decries the ineptitude of the USNSA Congress and glories in its virtual abandonment by the "conservatives," and yet reports that its deliberations were moderate. May we formulate now Wooldridge's Law: In any given meeting conservatism succeeds in inverse proportion to the number of its obnoxious proponents present?

The real laugh came, however, at his characterization of Tony Rapolla. Rapolla was rather the buffoon of the Congress than its "conservative" hero, and he was never more ridiculous than when he made an impassioned election speech declaring his "conversion" to NSA and promising that if elected to national office he would bring 300 new schools into the Association.

Was this part of his Mephistophelean cunning? Evidently the delegates thought so because they laughed him down. They will keep on laughing if they happen to read your account of the proceedings at Bloomington.

New Orleans, La. CHARLES MCCORD

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HUXLEY

(Continued from p. 437)

independent republic adjoins their territory across Kenya's borders.

Taking a robust, gunboat-dispatching line, KANU's leaders have declared that not an inch of Kenya's sacred soil shall be surrendered, that every Kenyan will fight to the last drop of his blood to preserve frontiers which were drawn in European capitals by colonialists who knew little and cared less of what these regions were like, who lived there and what their ethnic affinities might be. The situation could hardly be more ironic — or more dangerous. Kenya's Somalis have few arms but could be supplied from across the border by Somalia, which might well look to the USSR, if only because they believe their hereditary enemies, the Ethiopians, to be allies of the United States.

Meanwhile, even before independence Kenya is traveling the road towards the single-party, authoritarian state. This week an amendment to the Public Security Ordinance made it an offense to "utter or disseminate any statement, information, report or opinion calculated or likely to cause alarm or apprehension to the public or any action of the public, or to prejudice public order." A pretty wide-flung net with fine meshes in which the government can catch almost any fish it wishes. A free press, like the political free-for-all of Western-type democracy, is a luxury no new African government thinks — and no doubt rightly—it can afford. As someone summed up the nationalist program: "one man, one vote—once."

KENNER

(Continued from p. 441)

I have never been able to find out if the rest of the poem exists, or has been published; but to launch that fragment from Santo Sospir to California, gracefully turning the tribute to himself back on an eminent colleague, for the benefit of a few hundred unknown students, was the sort of gesture of which civilizations are made. An age ends; and *ceux qui n'entendent pas la langue des tambours* are, precisely, doomed to have coincided with it in time but not to have been alive in it.

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For The Record

Idea of attaching conditions to deals with Soviet Union catching on. Now Sen. Dodd (D., Conn.) proposes Congress pass resolution opposing any wheat deal with USSR until Russians promise to stop harassment of U.S. convoys to Berlin. . . . Dodd also spearheading drive to force State Department to reverse its decision on ouster of Security Officer Otto Otepka. . . . Military men worried over resignations of regular army officers which in fiscal '63 were up 300 per cent over '61. It's regarded as particularly significant since when an officer resigns (as opposed to early retirement) he gets no pension.

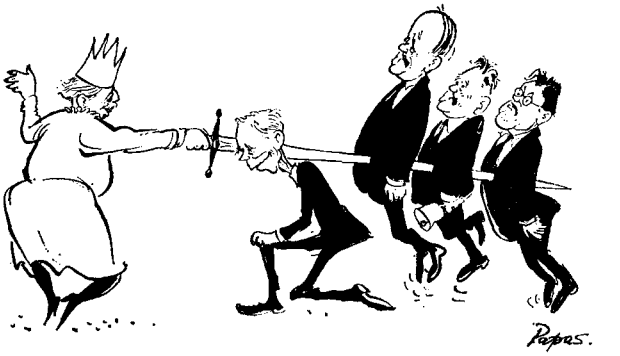
International Christian Youth-USA (Collingwood, N.J.) has launched nationwide youth campaign against Supreme Court prayer decision. It is gathering petitions to Congress urging that the Becker (Rep. Frank, R., N.Y.) Amendment be reported out of the House Judiciary Committee.

Socialist Sweden reports such a decline in birth rate that it will, henceforth, fill job vacancies from the top down, hoping automation will take care of less skilled work. . . . Belgian industrialists, pleased with work of Turkish laborers in coal mines, plan to bring in additional 3,000 by 1965. . . . Parkinson's Law is at work in Common Market where Brussels HQ has budget this year 65 per cent bigger than in '62.

Scientist William Johnson who testified for Chambers in Hiss-Chambers trial was found dead of cyanide poisoning last week. Two years earlier his wife and partner, Dr. Daniel Norman, who testified that famous Woodstock typewriter had been used by Hiss, also were found dead, of cyanide poisoning.

A U.S. technician in Indonesia has written Rep. William Broomfield that during anti-British riots in Jakarta he saw police carting rioters from house to house occupied by English families. He says those houses the British owned were burned; those rented only sacked. . . . Pres. Sukarno lately charging that Malaysia has designs on Sumatra and that therefore "if we do not crush them, they will crush us." . . . In yearly Hong Kong battle of the flags (will more Red China or Free China flags be flown on October national holidays?) the count this year was 450 for Peiping against "several hundred thousand" for Taipei.

Letter going rounds asking for first-hand information "on inaccuracies in Time magazine" to be used in new bi-monthly Fact magazine emanating from same address as Ralph Ginzburg's pornographic Eros.



London Sunday Times — Ben Roth Agency

Touché!

Squeeze on South Africa continues: Nasser has closed all Egyptian ports to South African vessels, although not going so far as bar them passage through the Suez Canal. . . . Herald Tribune reports Soviet planes have picked up South Africa refugees at Dar-es-Salaam for training in guerrilla tactics in Soviet Union. . . . Katanga still a UN headache. UN planes have been dropping thousands of pamphlets in French and Swahili over bush villages around Elisabethville offering amnesty to former Katanga gendarmes, two or three thousand of whom are still at large.

Comment by Sir Alec Douglas-Home, when photographers asked him during a campaign trudge around his new rural district to pose sitting on a handy fence. "It's not a thing I like doing politically."

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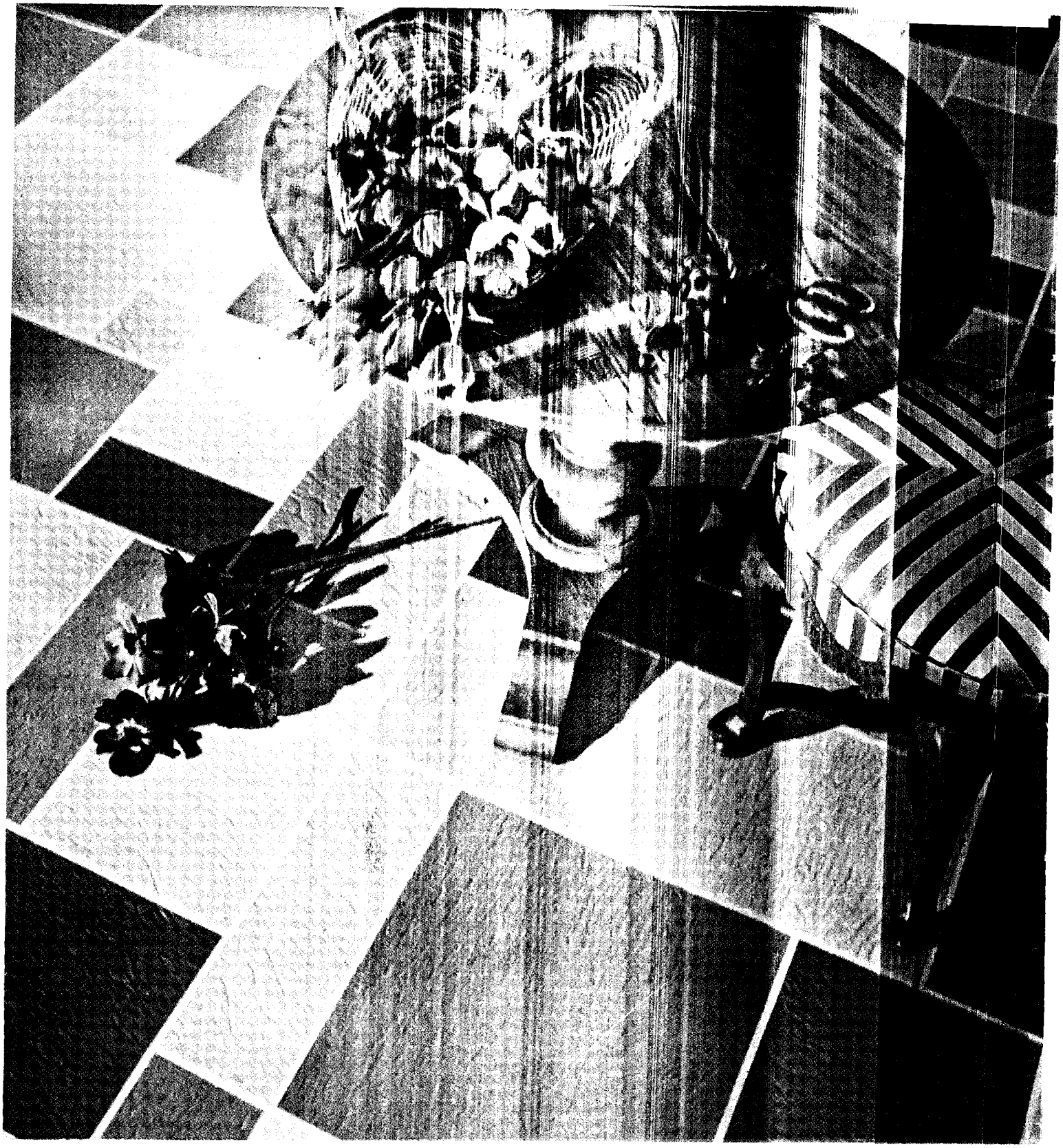

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